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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

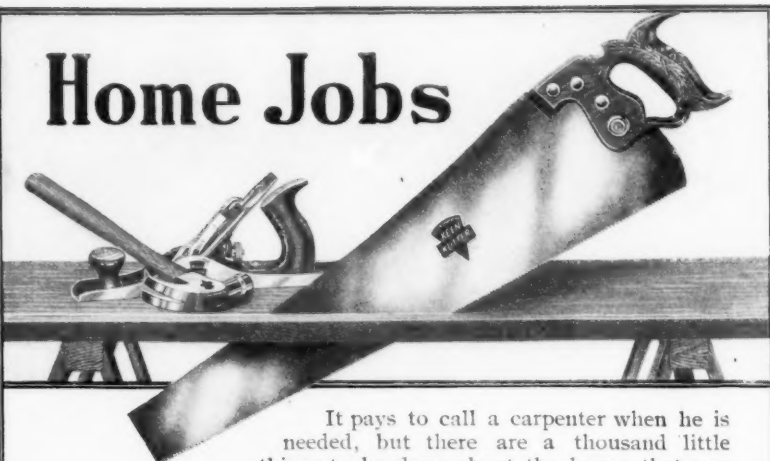


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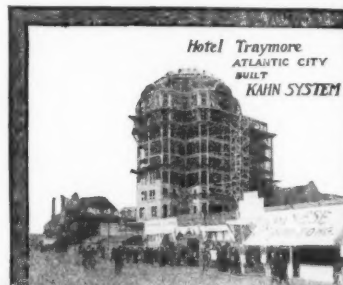
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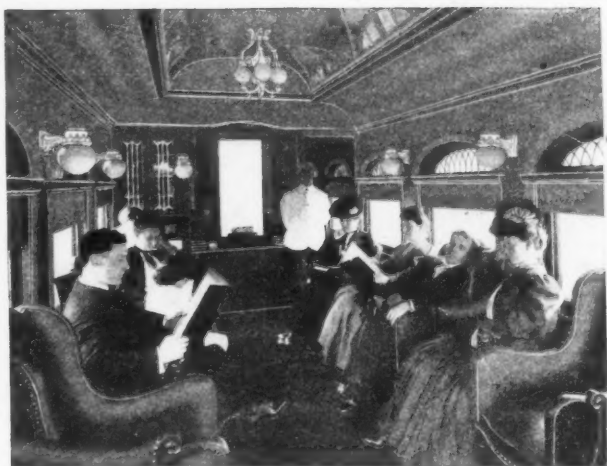
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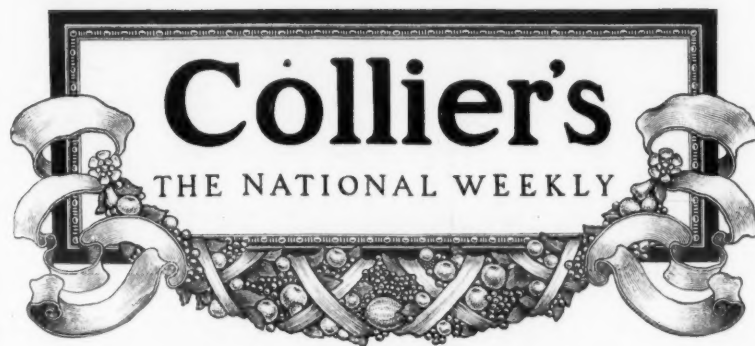
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MIDSUMMER EVENINGS

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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OLD HOME WEEK began when the spectacle of abandoned farms caused some of the New England hill towns to grow introspective. It has passed Buffalo, and this summer was observed as far west as Rushville, Indiana. It is a useful institution, for it encourages sentiment; and that's an agreeable interlude from the daily business of most of us, and from our present national occupation of heart-searching and housecleaning. Most folks, who leave home, go to some big city. They rarely expect **SENTIMENT** to stay; their hope is to grab some money, or some fame, and quickly run back home to enjoy it. But as their means increase, so do their desires, and so they never quite get money enough or fame enough, and only rarely do they come Back Home. For most of them, a trip to see the Old Home Week celebration will revive pleasant sentiments and recall ideals less sordid than their present ones. As Tommy said to Shovel: "I tell yer, everybody dreams on it." "And Tommy," adds Mr. BARRIE, "was right. Everybody dreams of it, though not all call it Thrums."

A BETTER SPIRIT and better ways there are to celebrate Old Home Week than Boston's. There ought to be behind it a cleaner purpose than the wish of department stores, amusement parks, and excursion steamers to grasp a nimble penny, expressed in the slogan that Boston advertised: "There will be something doing every minute"; braying cymbals by day and hissing rocket sticks by night don't accord with the ideal spirit of Old Home Week. American communities which propose to observe this institution next summer may find informing precedents in the pageants of some smaller English cities this summer. There it was a matter of tender reverence for loved traditions, carried out with taste and art. At Romsey, there was reenacted, with studied fidelity to historical accuracy in costume and incident, eleven episodes in the little city's history eight or ten centuries ago, including the founding of the local abbey, a fight in the Civil War, an attack by the Danes on the abbey, the passing of CHARLES I as a prisoner on his way to London. American towns, with their traditions of Indians, Revolutionary battles, Colonial history, and frontier episodes, have abundant material for adapting, with equal taste and art, the Romsey pageant. Boston's history is peculiarly rich in picturesque and stirring episodes. How much it has missed in failing to imitate Romsey!

THE NORTH CAROLINA EPISODE is pretty complicated for hot-weather moralizing. Doubtless, the constitutional lawyers, in due time, will get around to deciding whether Governor GLENN had a patriot's devotion to State rights; or whether the excited "Times" was rightly inspired when it said that if Mr. ROOSEVELT had not been made a coward by self-interest and calculation, he would call his Rough Riders together and imitate the swiftness of ANDREW JACKSON when another Governor of North Carolina stood on State rights. Meantime, a wholesome contribution to the mitigation of mid-summer madness will come from certain reflections. Was it those same citizens of Wall Street,

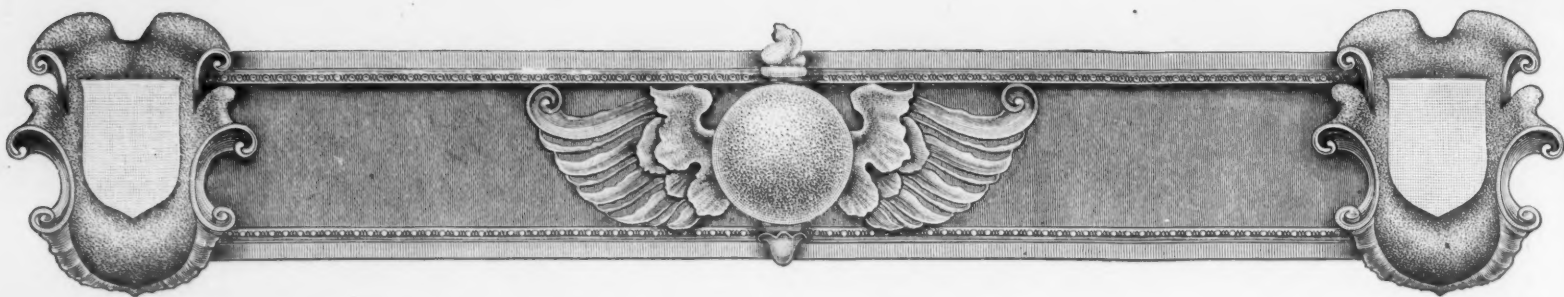
PHILIP SOBER

New York, doing business in North Carolina under a charter granted in New Jersey, who so loudly cried out against Federal aggrandizement and wept at Mr. ROOSEVELT's "wiping out State boundaries" when Mr. Root dropped an incendiary thought at the Pennsylvania banquet just seven months ago—are they the same who now complain so bitterly against the failure of the Federal Government to send troops to the aid of a corporation hurt by the laws of North Carolina?

ONE WHO EXAMINES the records of the Legislatures which have lately closed their sessions would find a little legislation that is bizarre and foolish; a little that is conceived in vindictiveness rather than in wisdom, but a large balance on the side of intelligent advance. Probably few States can show as strong a record as Missouri. There the Legislature submitted to the people a constitutional amendment on the subject of taxation, which, according to tax experts, embodies the most advanced ideas on the subject. The amendment will provide for local option in taxation, and also for the separation of the sources of State and local taxation. Among the reform statutes passed were an anti-lobby law, requiring lobbyists to register and state their business, and providing severe penalties for its violation; a pure-food law in accordance with the national law on the subject, and making provision for State enforcement of the same; more stringent laws against quacks; a law taxing "futures"; a law giving the trial jury the option as to whether the death penalty or life imprisonment shall be assessed in murder cases; and an eight months' compulsory school law. Other statutes dealt in the most **NEW LAWS** modern spirit with the subjects of monopoly, public utilities, and insurance. The liquor problem was treated with a statute forbidding brewers and wholesale liquor dealers to own saloons. It is estimated that this will close about seven hundred saloons in the city of St. Louis alone. Another law prevents the sale of intoxicating liquors within five miles of the State University, another prevents the shipping of liquor into local-option or "dry" counties, and another prevents either the sale or giving away of intoxicating liquors on any general election day. A very important bill adopted by the extra session is one providing for the removal of any derelict official, whether appointive or elective. Governor FOLK has had much trouble, in some counties, in securing the cooperation of local officials in enforcing the law, and this bill was passed to remedy the difficulty. The race-track gambling law was amended so as to cover all kinds of race-track gambling and remedy defects in the existing statutes on the subject. The Missouri Legislature, more than that of most States, has combined enthusiasm for reform with intelligence in making new statutes.

TO THE DISCUSSION of the evils of present overcapitalization, a good deal of time and energy are being devoted, and everybody seems troubled by the thought that once overcapitalization is accomplished, property rights are created, and innocent purchasers become a factor to consider. Why not first prevent all future overcapitalization, and then, if it is desirable, take as much leisure as is necessary to arrive at right conclusions about the watering that has already **WATER** been done? Within the past few months, a promoter found a number of coastwise steamship companies with an aggregate of \$22,000,000 in bonds and \$62,000,000 in stock. He gathered them together, named them the Consolidated Steamship Company, and called the existing \$62,000,000 of stock "bonds," and issued a fresh \$62,000,000 of stock. Other promoters who have similar projects need to hurry.

PROBABLY THE JURY in Idaho, with a healthy repugnance for so inhuman a murderer as ORCHARD, made a distinction between believing the facts he recited and hanging a man on his testimony. The verdict is merely that the State has failed to prove its case. Quite another matter is the conviction, among the majority of unprejudiced persons who followed the trial, that the present management of the Western Federation has been identified with many crimes, and has trafficked in



violence. The acquittal, and the obvious fairness of the trial, have disarmed those apostles of discontent who beat the air with cries of conspiracy. By the outcome of this trial, and the evidence brought out at it, the arm of the law in Colorado and

THE IDAHO TRIAL

other Western States is strengthened with a backing of public opinion throughout the country which before it has not had. If the officials of those States, and those whose sympathies are with the mine owners, will resist the temptation to which they yielded in the past, to warp and bend the law to their own purposes, they should not again have serious difficulty in repressing disorder.

THAT OVERSHADOWING INCUBUS, the negro question, is not wholly without encouraging phases. For one thing, it bids fair to solve the liquor problem in many Southern States. It is a question whether, to-day, the South is not the most temperate of all the national sections. Figures would probably show that Mississippi consumes less liquor under local option, and is really a "drier" State, than Maine under prohibition. This is due to the necessity of preserving the negro as an economic factor. The business interests of the cotton States have learned that liquor and labor are practically incompatible among the blacks. Where a few years ago every little village

PROHIBITION had its Jim Crow barn, and every company store on the larger plantations sold liquor at an enormous profit over its counter, to-day the planters have dropped the whisky trade from their stores and have voted the saloons out of existence. Business necessity demanded it. In plain words, the cotton growers needed six days' labor from the negro. Under the license system the negro would work only enough to support life and buy whisky and gin; an average of three days a week. But no liquor for the negro meant no liquor for the white, a situation which the ruling powers have cheerfully accepted. That the new régime has worked to the financial, moral, and even the racial advantage of all concerned, no visitor to the South can doubt.

SLAVERY IN ITS BEST ASPECT implied a moral obligation. The author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" softened the terrible arraignment by the chapters on the old-style Southern slave-owner, with his ingrained sense of responsibility to his living chattels. With the destruction of slavery this standard passed. Underlying the upward, economic struggle of the South is a story of savage exploitation of the negro through his fatal self-indulgence. Drink, drugs, and debt—these three were made the chains of a new and subtle enslavement. Narcotics sold by the very employers of labor served, on the one hand, to return to

A WHOLE-SOME CHANGE the coffers of the employer all that he had paid out in wages; on the other, to keep his black workman in subservience. Within a few years cocaine had been distributed as a regular ration to the emergency workers on threatened levees, "to keep them up to the work." That system has, happily, passed. The "boss" who debauches his men with liquor or drugs is to-day despised; in many sections he is not tolerated. The negro may keep his wage if he will but work honestly and, not less important, consistently for it. With the dawning of economic wisdom has come a recrudescence of the nobler spirit of slavery days, the responsibility of the master to the servant. The negro who chooses to be self-supporting and self-respecting has a better chance than ever before under the wise guardianship of the new South.

TO THE SCIENTIFIC MIND the continued existence of the finny tribe must be an inexplicable puzzle. If one-tenth of the hot-weather advertisements in the papers were one one-hundredth true, the navigators of the depths would be as extinct as the dodo or the polka. "No fish will pass it by," declares one maker of artificial bait. "They bite this when they won't touch anything else," promises another. "Fish will bite like hungry wolves if you use —," a third assures the prospective Walton. Well, we have been off on piscatorial hunts, fortified with the very newest of new-fangled contraptions for beguiling the wary bass and the fierce maskinonge; lethal devices which looked like a compromise between an ice-pick and a feather duster—and we have returned, empty of

creel, but with a proven opinion of the judgment and discretion of the subaqueous prey. To be sure, there was that present which did "bite like hungry wolves." But it was not fish. For our own part, if we can't catch 'em with a brown hackle, we'll fall back on the humble but alluring worm. There is something about the *danse du ventre*, as performed by a lusty night-crawler, that is vastly attractive to a well-organized fish. And if they won't take a worm, they can stay where they are until their appetite improves; 'we'll keep our line wet, through good chance or ill.

"Eagerly snapped up by all fishermen," proclaims one printed lure. There's the true inwardness of it. Make a bait that will catch the fisherman, and he'll get his good of it, whether the party of the second part bite like a wolf or sulk like a woodchuck. For, as long as new and strange baits are devised, man that is born of woman will continue to purchase them with revived hope, and to angle therewith with indestructible patience. It is one of his noblest and most attractive futilities.

TOWARD BREAKING UP the home unit, social movements in this country trend noticeably, and thought and discussion have gone farther. Of the comment excited by the letter of the Illinois lady who wrote about "race suicide" and "help," a surprising number point out, as the solution to her dilemma and their own, some scheme of cooperative living. The following, from a Chicago woman, outlines a wish which the evidence shows to be common among harassed home-keepers:

"EDITOR COLLIER'S:

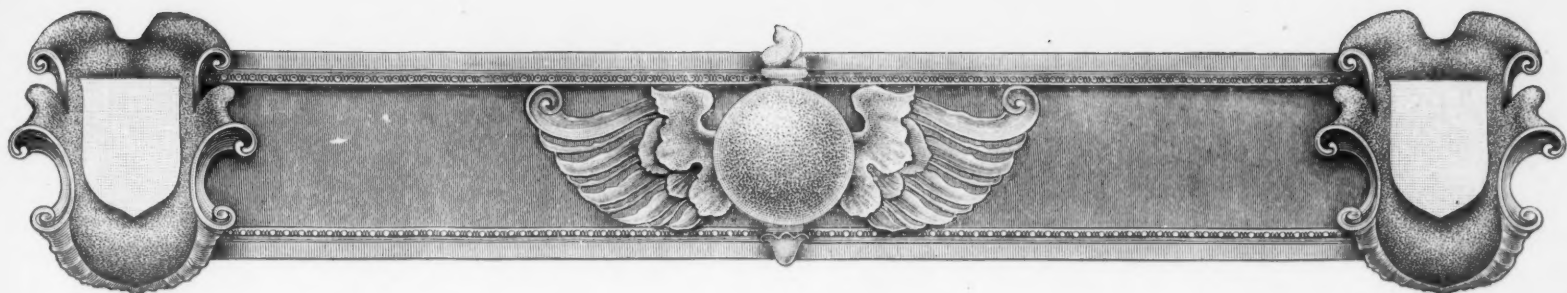
"I see you believe in housekeeping for women, and are quite frankly of the opinion that if a woman can not cook she has failed to attain to her destiny. I am afraid I can not agree with you. The complete gentleman does not, I take it, necessarily understand the care of his horses or of his automobile. No one insists, in authoritative accents, that he shall be proficient in gardening. He is permitted to specialize. Why, then, should women be kept—or keep themselves—within the limits of primitive social arrangements, with each and every woman performing the same labor for society? They are kept there because they have venerated tradition more than utility or convenience or progress. Men, however, have specialized, partly because they wished to assert their individuality, still more because of the economic value of specialization, and most of all because of the zest and interest furnished by this means of providing life with variety.

"I wish I had, adjacent to my home, a one-story and basement building, light and pleasing in character, owned by myself and four or six adjacent families. The chief apartment in this imaginary house would be a large, airy, charming dining-room. (I could give you the scheme of decoration, but refrain.) In addition to this, there would be a convenient kitchen, supplied with every labor-saving contrivance known. A sitting-room furnished, among other things, with books and a piano, and opening on a porch with a pleasant outlook, would be the next feature. There would be bedrooms and bathrooms for the 'help,' who would be permitted to live in independence, but in subjection to reasonable rules. In the basement I would have a heating plant which should warm the houses of all of the subscribers to this scheme.

HOUSEKEEPING "Perferably, the help would work in shifts, so that none need work more than eight or ten hours. No one would advise them about spending their money, or would suggest to them what company they should or should not keep, save in extreme cases. The relations between the mistress and maids would be indirect, and authority would be delegated to a steward or stewardess. This would give a degree of liberty to the women employers to educate their children, perform civic service, or carry on benevolent work. If a talent was in question, it could be cultivated. Do not imagine that the home would suffer. The home would, on the contrary, acquire a new placidity—an undreamed of distinction and charm. And this because nerves would be less rasped, and brains better stimulated.

"I think it's ridiculous to keep one-half the race cooking—a vast waste and folly, the intellectual and spiritual results of which are immeasurable."

The woman who writes this tempers it with the assurance that "although these sentiments are really mine, yet I'm a frightfully good housekeeper, and wouldn't go to hear SHAKESPEARE himself read 'Hamlet,' unless the house was tidied first." And for this, rather than for her plan to emancipate women, will the world be her debtor. Her scheme would commend itself more strongly if experience taught that the world has been enriched, "with intellectual and spiritual results immeasurable," through those women whom prosperity has released from the obligation of housekeeping. Do they not more often turn to bridge, to petty social activities, and to various other small ways of filling or killing time? Doubtless they describe these activities with the language used in this letter, "the zest and interest furnished by this means of providing life with variety."



A MAN IN MINNEAPOLIS, who must seem, to those whose "legitimate business" he interferes with, to be a peculiarly detestable embodiment of pernicious activity, writes to all the business men who advertise in the local papers—and he is gradually enlarging his field of operations—letters like this: "The value of your advertisement in the — is seriously lessened by the presence in the same paper of a class of advertisements, including "Medical Institutes," which are not only rank swindles, but in many cases are absolutely immoral. The presence of these ads. in this paper is due to the thoughtlessness—to put it mildly—of decent advertisers, who could, by their protest, accompanied by a withdrawal of patronage, compel decency, whether willingly granted or not. *The stopping of this stuff is up to you.*" This agitator does not stop with a single

ONE WAY

letter, but keeps the campaign up with a persistence which yields results. Whether judicious persons with a high sense of responsibility are ever justified in using or recommending the boycott as a means of persuasion, is a matter about which there might be an entertaining exhibition of fine-spun argument. Certainly the situation here presents the ideal case of that goodness of purpose which is often held to justify a means with a bad name. In Philadelphia the heavier advertisers combine to get from the news columns such occasional favors as the suppression of their personal affairs, and a bias in their favor in the discussion of rapid transit. In New York the Straus family, including the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, and a widely known philanthropist, who control a large part of the department-store advertising, could, if they would, make an effective appeal to the papers which they patronize to omit swindling medical and "investment" advertisements.

TILLMAN, LIKE DIXON, is more concerned with making money out of the negro question, by playing upon the passions which arise from it, than in lending his help to those who try to bring calmness and wisdom to making the situation easier. Indeed, it is an interesting speculation whether public men whose livelihood comes from the lecture platform are not open fairly to the suspicion that their expressions of political opinion are influenced by shrewd considerations as to what will make their occupations more remunerative. Is it not possible that TILLMAN stirs the fire and brimstone for his Senate speeches with a mind alert to the lecture bureau managers? And in casting his vote may not his motives be mixed by the same consideration? The South Carolina Senator lectured recently in Parkersburg, West Virginia. The "State Journal" the following day delivered a judgment of him which, though strong and outspoken, is conceived obviously in a spirit of conscientious wish to be fair:

"We believe we voice the general sentiment in saying he will never again be invited to deliver a lecture here, and that a refined home would not think of receiving him as a guest. He may have a better side, but to judge him as he made himself known from the platform, it would not be unjust to aver that his swaggering manner and his language denote the bully and vulgar upstart. If one were called upon without knowledge of his identity to size him up after listening to his bombastic tirade, the verdict would probably be that he was a half-educated, ill-bred country lawyer who prides himself upon being the cock-of-the-walk in his own small community. His argument on the race question was for the most part a rehash of newspaper and magazine articles on the subject thirty years ago, replete with outbursts of vicious hate incredible. The presence of cultivated ladies and young girls who formed half of his large audience was no restraint to his profanity and obscenity, the latter being of the most shocking type.

"It is to be regretted that the cause of the States for whom he pretends to speak could not be represented before the public, if thought best, by some one of character and standing, fair-minded, able, and conscientious, as he would be given an earnest welcome and a sympathetic hearing in all sections. The people at large fully understand the grave problem confronting these States, involving the well-being of the whole country, and are willing to hold out a helping hand to them, but plead with them for the sake of decency, for the sake of justice, for the sake of righteousness to retire TILLMAN from the field."

This estimate by a comparatively small local newspaper, formed from a merely passing glimpse, coincides roughly with the opinions of many men at Washington who have had for years the opportunity of observing TILLMAN closely. However near to accurate the "State Journal's" estimate, this independence of

judgment is refreshing to find in the newspaper of a small interior city. This virility, and the poise which remains unconfused by Senatorial glamour, or by the fact that this is a lecturer who comes from a bigger world outside, if multiplied by as many papers of equal rank as there are in the United States, would make, in the clash and debate of opposed judgments, a fine residuum of sound opinion for the solution of this country's problems, and for the final determination of the real stature of its statesmen and its near-statesmen.

IT IS DANGEROUS even to joke about Dakota snow in winter time, and we grasp these torrid days of safety to throw a little light on the point of view of the natives of some of those Northern prairie towns. "We want the world to understand," writes one from North Dakota, "that we did not suffer in the least from last winter's severe weather. We are preparing a petition to the State Legislature to have them suppress, or boycott, every newspaper that intimates that this or any other town in North Dakota has suffered. When the local photographer made pictures of a snow-plow at work opening up the railroad, after a three weeks' blockade, he was cautioned by a land-agent not to circulate them if he wished to avoid a lynching, as they might keep out investors and home-seekers." Boost, or keep still—that is the watchword.

"Many of us own or rent farms or are in some way interested in farming the farmer, so that anything detrimental to our farming interests is regarded as a slap in our faces as well. When travelers or land-seekers make uncomplimentary remarks about our farming methods, they are told that this North Dakota soil is so rich that any higher state of cultivation would result in overproduction; that we do not plow our ground in the fall because we can 'stubble our grain' in the following spring, and then raise from twenty to forty bushels of wheat and twice that amount of oats or barley per acre if the season is anywise favorable.

A TOUCH OF NATURE

"We have neglected to plant trees and flowers, establish parks and beautify lawns, because such an expenditure would not yield any direct monetary income. We have put in water-works and a sewer system to help advertise the town, although they were frozen up and practically useless all winter. To sum up, we are here to make money and get rich quick, and whether or not we differ materially from our fellow beings in other Western towns, we leave for you to judge."

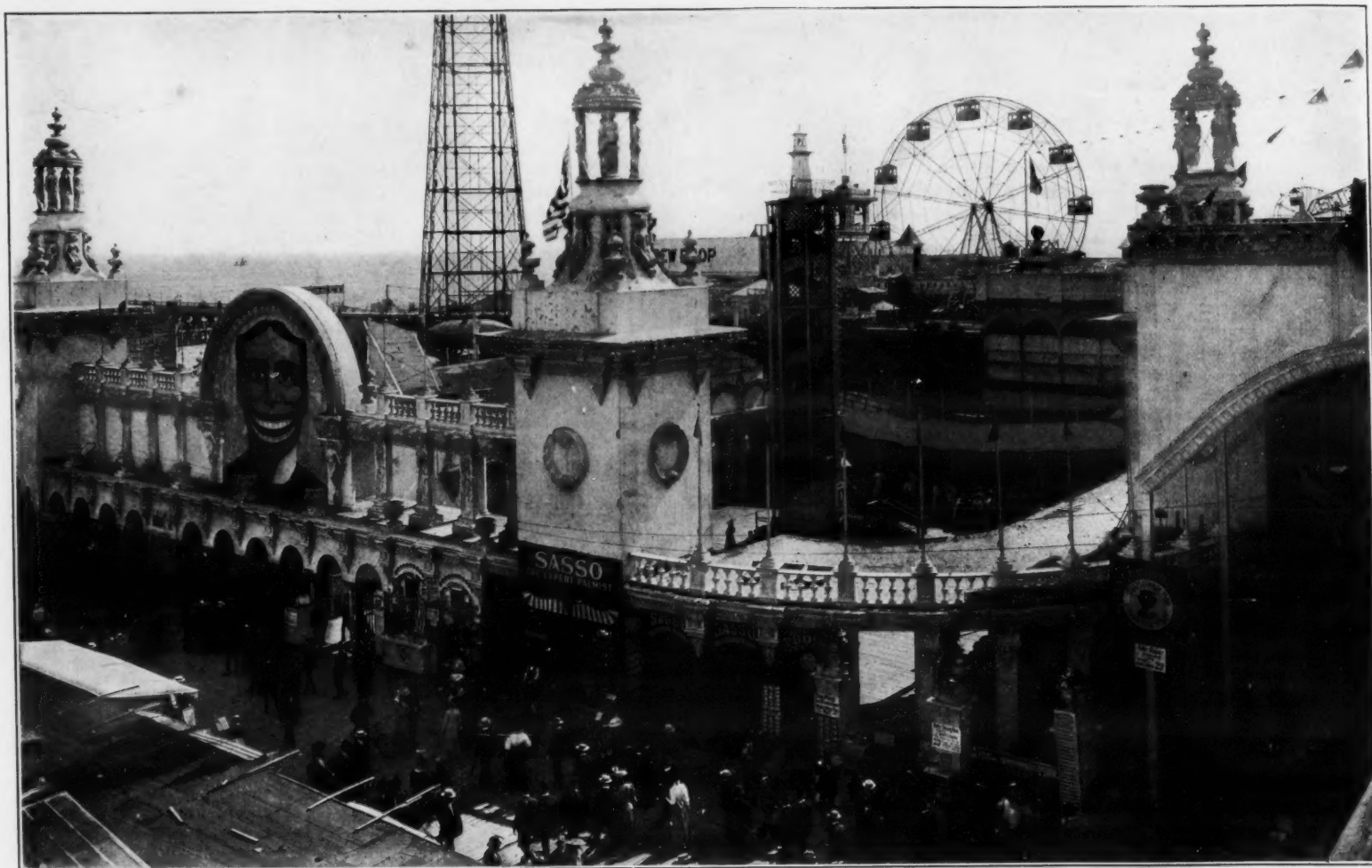
Perish the thought! Is it for us, who have also sinned, to cast the first stone? It is only cheering to receive, here in our effete East, these selfish human words and to know that, after all, the denizens of the unspoiled prairie—whom we are generally compelled to idealize uncompromisingly—are of the same weak flesh and our brothers.

IT MUST BE FINE to be a Fabian. Fabians seem always to have you on the defensive. Without getting excited, they proceed logically to prove that the mathematics of our social and economic system is absurd. "Think of a world," writes one, "where no one need go hungry, where no child is fed to the factory." Such a world, one must admit, is theoretically possible, attainable. It takes a Fabian to set us pondering guiltily how far the world we live in falls short of this. Surely, as this one says, there is food enough to go round, reasonable chances for comfort enough to go round—only they don't go round. As a Fabian, H. G. WELLS wonders why we can't all have comfortable boots. There is leather enough, there are shoemakers enough. Somewhere, however, the six and six of our commercial world get into a curious adding machine, and the result is nine instead of twelve.

COUNSEL OF PERFECTION

Then come the troubles upon which WELLS bases his Fabian preaching, taking as his text, "This Misery of Boots." There are two kinds of boot troubles—of the new boot and of the worn boot. Many new boots, being made of bad, unventilated material, "draw the feet"; many don't fit, pinching until the average adult is ashamed to have his bare feet seen; too many squeak. The worn boot chafes; the soles wear thin, and the heels slope at the edge until the wearer is sensitive about having you walk behind him; the boot leaks between the sole and upper; and, at last, the sole "flaps." Do we answer by hotly crying "Socialist!" and calling Mr. WELLS a dreamer? In his calm, Fabian way, he retorts: "There are good boots enough to go round, aren't there? Tell me why they don't."

CONEY ISLAND AGAIN FIRE-SWEPT



PICTURE OF STEEPLCHASE PARK, CONEY ISLAND, AS IT WAS BEFORE THE RECENT FIRE

For the third time in eight years, Coney Island was partially destroyed by fire early on Sunday morning, July 28. The loss was estimated at over \$1,500,000



AFTER THE FIRE—A VIEW TAKEN FROM APPROXIMATELY THE SAME POSITION AS THE ABOVE

Included in the crescent bitten out of Coney Island by the flames were a large section of Steeplechase Park, "Dip the Dip," three hotels, five bathing pavilions, many small shows, and a long section of the Ocean Boardwalk, on which the grinning face in the upper picture is turned. Built of light wooden material, the resort burned like tinder. Only the high-pressure salt-water mains, recently installed, and the intervention of a brick hotel structure saved the rest of the Island resort from destruction

THE DIARY OF A SMALL INVESTOR

A RECORD OF ACTUAL TRANSACTIONS IN CHEAP STOCKS

I.—THE INVESTMENT

[NOTE.—This series of articles is a narrative of actual experiences. Most of the companies named are still doing business in Chicago and other cities, still advertising in the Chicago Sunday newspapers. Every name, fact, and figure is a matter of record, and every conversation recorded with the sellers of stock and with banking men took place. Mr. Flower, as "R. E. Wolf," made the purchases of stock recorded in the first of these articles. He made the effort to borrow money on these stocks from various Chicago banks, and went through all the experiences recorded in the second article. Likewise the third article will be a record of actual interviews with the men who sold him the stock and his efforts to sell the stock back to them. Mr. Flower's fourth article will be a report of his investigation of the references given by promoters.]

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

FRIDAY, April 12.—One hundred and fifty dollars in a savings bank drawing 3 per cent interest, and opportunities in the Sunday papers to make from 50 to 100 per cent. That doesn't look like good business to me. The bank pays 3 per cent—some pay even more—and gets rich on the difference between that and what it actually makes on the money. Why shouldn't I get all that my money makes?

Everybody else is making big money. Everything I read about the big men of Wall Street shows that their percentage of profit is enormous. Rogers and Morgan and Harriman double and treble their money in some of their deals. Why should not I do as well, or nearly as well, in proportion to my capital? Why should I let the banker make the profit? It's my money that he uses—mine and that of other timid depositors.

I have figured on this a good deal, but my nerve has seemed to fail me when it came to putting the money up. Then, too, there are so many chances that I find it hard to make up my mind what to try. I don't want to speculate; I want to invest. Others may speculate—I know some who do—but I can't afford the risk. Of course there is no risk in buying a stock that is positively going up on a certain date, but will it really go up, as promised? I have heard that some of them don't. And yet, whenever I have followed a particular company in the advertising, it always has gone up at the time specified. I have seen it advertised at the new price. But there is always the chance that the one I select will be the exception.

I'll see what chances there are in next Sunday's papers. There were some fine ones last Sunday. I suppose there is risk in everything. The Moores and Schwab and Heinze and Rockefeller all took risks, I imagine, and they made fabulous profits. Lawson has done big things, too. You can't read what he writes without seeing how easily money is made in the right kind of investments. Everybody with any nerve is doing something in that way. I know a fellow who has some mining stock salted away that has gone up 150 per cent since he bought it. Three per cent is a granny's profit. Live men make more.

Sunday, April 14.—Why didn't I go into stock investments before? There are nothing like as good chances in to-day's papers as I saw two or three weeks ago. Then they were telling just when there would be advances and just how much they would be. That enabled a fellow to figure out exactly how much he would be worth on a certain date. But the Chicago advertisers are not so specific to-day. Still, there are some fairly good opportunities.

I've been through the "Tribune," "Record-Herald," "Examiner," "Inter Ocean," and "Chronicle," and they all have advertisements of these opportunities to make real money. That's enough to make a man feel easy, for great newspapers wouldn't encourage swindlers. Besides, look at the facts set forth!

One Cobalt stock has advanced from 40 cents to \$180 a share, and others have had advances ranging from 100 to 700 per cent. One hundred dollars invested in the United Verde mine a few years ago would be worth \$80,000 to-day, and the United Verde mine is right next to one that I can get into at 25 cents a share—"exactly the same opportunity," the advertisement says. Then \$900,000,000 has been taken from the mines of Nevada, and the State has hardly been more than scratched. The "Examiner" has a long article under the big heading, "Rocks of Nevada Inlaid With Gold."

But it is rather confusing when one looks over all the advertising. A fellow can't help being enthusiastic, but it is hard to choose between things like this:

"A Mountain of Solid Gold and Silver."

"Draw Your Own Dividends."

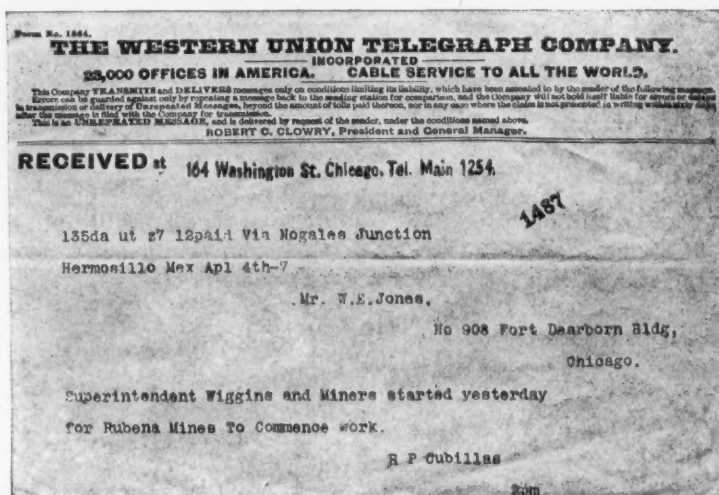
"I Will Tell You How to Get Rich."

"Ledges of Gold."

"A \$5 Stock at 50 Cents."

"Silver Vein a Mile and a Half Long."

There are some things that puzzle me. There's the Cobalt Certainty Silver Mines, for instance. That



CHARACTERISTIC "HURRY-UP" TELEGRAM SENT TO DUPES

The shrewd promoter has a complete and varied "follow-up" system for "landing the sucker." After bombarding him with circulars, assay results, and reports, they shower upon him copies of telegrams like the above

sounds mighty good, but why should they advertise for more when they are already "assured of a heavy over-subscription?" And there are some disappointments. The "dividends of 120 per cent" that caught my eye seem to be dividends on some other mine than the one advertised. It's pretty hard to get the details straight in one's head, so I'm investigating a little first.

The Nevada Greenback Wonder looks good to me. It has an office in the First National Bank Building, and surely a national bank wouldn't have a fake financial concern for a tenant. The stock has advanced 20 per cent in two weeks, and J. Renwick Preston, its representative, guarantees to sell stock of dissatisfied purchasers at the highest market price any time within a year. You can't ask much better than that, for it is only 15 now, and he says himself the next advance may come any time. I wrote to him about it.

Also wrote to Wm. E. Jones, President of the Rubena Mining Company, Fort Dearborn National Bank Building. That looks a little better in one way, for it's only 10-cent stock, and I want to get in near the bottom. You can't get much nearer the bottom than 10 cents, so it makes the profit mighty certain. I told Mr. Jones that I would like to do better with my money than I can with savings banks. Wonder if I will hear from him.

The Many and Puzzling Guides to Riches

LOUIS E. PITTS advertises in the "Tribune," "I will tell you how to get rich," and I wrote to him, "That's what I want to know."

The Nevada-Goldfield Mining, Milling, and Smelting Company seemed worth while, too. It has Governor John Sparks of Nevada for president, and it says wise investors know that this \$5 stock, now selling for 50 cents, is worth every cent of \$2.

I couldn't overlook the Hope Mining and Milling Company either, for every investor who secured any of the first allotment of stock "is now richer by 25 per cent on his investment," and it gives these men as references: Dr. Richard Penrose of the University of Chicago; Hon. F. R. Gooding, Governor of Idaho; James K. P. Pine, President of the People's Bank, Troy, New York, and Senator W. E. Borah.* They are only selling this stock because they have got to replace a mill that was burned down a short time ago.

Monday, April 15.—Can't tell when I may want to use money in a hurry now, so I have drawn some from my savings account. I had a nod from the president

*The references used by the various companies will be discussed in a later article. It is only fair to say now that many of them are used without authority.

as I was going out—it's one of the small banks, where you get to know people—and I stopped to tell him I was going in for mines.

"Don't do it," he said promptly.

"Why not?" I asked.

"It's almost certainly a swindle," he told me. "I don't know what particular investment you have picked out, but I feel perfectly safe in saying that you will lose your money. It's some cheap stock, isn't it?"

"It has to be," I replied.

"Well," he said, "let me tell you this: Any man who has a fair mining proposition, giving reasonable hope of success, can get all the money he wants from men who have thousands where you have pennies; he doesn't have to spend big sums in advertising for ten-cent subscriptions. And the same thing is true of oil or electric roads or any of the other enterprises that are spending fortunes advertising for stockholders. When a man goes after the pennies, it is a practical certainty that he hasn't a proposition that will command the dollars."

That worried me some, but I recalled instances where the stock actually had gone up as advertised.

"How do you know?" he asked.

"I've seen it advertised at the new price," I answered.

He seemed to be rather impatient with me. "If advertised prices made stock values," he said, "we could all be rich; but you've got to have a market for it at the price, and the 'sucker' market is of value only to those who make a business of catching 'suckers.'"

He ought to know a good deal about investments, but perhaps he is prejudiced. Or it may be self-interest. If every depositor had the sense to use his own money, there would be no profit for the bankers. Anyhow, everybody knows that money is being made this way all the time. Look at the millions that have been made in mines!

Besides, I went through the New York Sunday papers to-day, and most of them were advertising the same kind of opportunities—the very same opportunities in some instances. Surely, so many big papers would not lend themselves to dishonest schemes.

Just the same, I am a bit nervous over what the banker said, and I don't believe I'll put all my money into one thing.

Tuesday, April 16.—I heard from William E. Jones of the Rubena mines very promptly. Jones has a developed mine, not a prospect, and all he needs is money for equipment. He says we have just as much right to buy into silver mines as the Guggenheims, and he reminds me that Peter Alvarado, formerly a peon, made so much money in mines that he wanted to pay the national debt of Mexico; that Colonel W. C. Green sold a group of Mexican mines for \$40,000,000; that \$100 worth of stock in the Panoles mine rose to the value of \$2,500; and that \$300 shares in the Naica mine are now worth \$3,000. The Rubena mines are also in Mexico. Why can't other people do the same thing in the same locality?

Answering these advertisements is a good deal like taking a chance in a lottery; you don't know what you're going to get. I wrote for a copy of "The Investor's Review," advertised as a journal of interest to all investors, and I received a prospectus of the Nevada Star Mining Company. This is a pretty good proposition, too. They consider 2 per cent a month dividends a practical certainty, and expect to be paying 5 per cent very soon. The stock is only 12 cents now, par value \$1. I can buy 1,500 shares, par value \$1,500, for \$180, and 5 per cent of \$1,500 would mean \$75 a month or \$900 a year, and \$900 is 5 per cent annual interest on \$18,000. Lord! that's going some! Even at 2 per cent I'd take in \$360 a year, which is double the investment. I'm learning to do a little figuring myself.

Wednesday, April 17.—I went to see William E. Jones, but I saw his stenographer. Mr. Jones is at the mines, trying to hurry along the first shipment of ore. Those promoters seem to be always at the mines or just about to start for them or just back from them. I didn't miss Mr. Jones very much, because his stenographer



IN THE PAGES OF THE BIG SUNDAY NEWSPAPERS, THE SMALL INVESTOR FINDS HIS POPPY-DREAMS OF WEALTH VISUALIZED

For every man with a hundred dollars, more or less, of savings to invest, bait is prepared by the promoting tribe. For the merely grasping, the proposition can't be made too lurid. "A Mountain of Solid Gold and Silver," and "Ledges of Gold" are good drawing headlines. To the more conservative, such announcements as that of the Toledo, Wabash, and St. Louis Railroad, a Burr Brothers promotion, make a successful appeal. Pictures and maps and assay returns are frequently used to carry conviction in an advertisement

is a pretty girl, and she seemed to know all about the mines. She was sorry I had not come in previous to April 1, for the stock went from 5 cents up to 10 cents on that date, and I could have made 100 per cent on my investment. However, it will go to 20 or 25 the moment they begin shipping ore, so there is still a chance for me.

"When will that be?" I asked.

"Oh, very soon," she replied. "Mr. Jones has gone to arrange for the ore shipment now."

"In a few days?" I inquired. "I want to get the best possible investment, so I am particular."

"Perhaps," she said. "It depends upon developments at the mines."

"In two weeks?" I persisted.

"Oh, almost certainly," she assured me. "It would be dangerous to wait as long as that."

That doesn't look more than fair to me, and I think I can do better. I like people to be more specific about profits.

Besides, Mr. Pitts has answered my letter asking how to get rich. Mr. Pitts, I find, advertises from a New York office in New York, and from a Chicago office in Chicago. So he must be a pretty big man. He is certainly giving everybody a chance. His advice is to buy stock at 15 cents a share in the United Standard Lead and Zinc Company, for he thinks these shares will go to at least \$8 within two or three years. A thousand shares would cost \$150 and be worth \$8,000 when the stock goes to \$8. That's a ripping big profit, but I want something now. And I don't like the way he talks about "your share of \$15,128,175," for that proves to be the amount made by surrounding mines in 1906. I don't see how I am to get any of that. There is undoubtedly a weak spot in his logic.

Thursday, April 18.—I have found my chance—one of them, at least. It is the King Leopold Mining Syndicate, of which William Berg, 81 South Clark Street, is secretary and financial agent. Mr. Berg was just starting for the mines when I saw him, but he assured me that there would be some one at his office to take my money and issue the stock if I decided to come in. He advised me strongly not to waste any time, for there is to be a stock dividend as well as an advance in price early next month. A double profit! That's something like.

Mr. Berg has a small, shabby office. A girl and a stack of circulars occupied a good part of the space, but Berg must be a man of large financial interests, for he seemed to be uncertain what proposition I had come to see him about until I showed him the letter and pamphlet I had received from him. Then he became a living prospectus of the King Leopold Syndicate. Once, when I interrupted him, he had to make a fresh start and do it all over again, but everything that anybody could ask about was there.

The King Leopold Syndicate is organized for the purpose of operating mines and dealing in

them. That is where the double profit comes in: A profit in the mines they work and another in those they buy and sell. As the result of a purchase, the syndicate is just organizing the Goldfield-Lincoln Company and will declare a stock dividend May 10, and the price of the syndicate stock will be advanced a little before that. It is now only 15 cents, which is certainly cheap enough.

Mr. Berg explained to me that the veins of two other producing mines run into the one that the syndicate is now working, and that an adjoining mine turns out ore worth \$187 a ton. As near as I can make out, the King Leopold is surrounded by so many rich mines that it must prove of fabulous value, unless the ore veins run in circles—and that is absurd, of course. Who ever heard of a ring of ore with nothing in the middle!

It will take a pretty big proposition to steer me away from the King Leopold Syndicate.

The Man Who Can Afford Cheap Stocks

FRIDAY, April 19.—I had a talk to-day with the head of a State Street business house about my prospective investments. This old man began life in Chicago as my father's associate, and he feels free to roast me. He talked plainer than the savings bank president. "But up in the Cobalt region," I told him, "\$500 invested in the Hudson Bay mine brought \$115,000."

I thought he was going to explode, but he cooled off suddenly. "Young man," he said, "there are only two classes of people who have any business to go into mines; the practical miners who give their own time to it, and the capitalists who have money to lose. And neither of these will fool with the cheap stocks. Whenever you hear of a man who made a fortune from a shoestring in mines—and there are some who have done it—you may be sure that he was a fellow who gave his own time and labor and was on the ground to look after his own interests. There is nothing for the man who sits on a stool and buys cheap stocks."

"I can show you where they have gone up and up and up," I argued, and I began to tell him some of the things I had read.

"Your ears are longer than I thought," he retorted. "Would the big newspapers lend themselves to swindles?" I asked.

"They do," he answered.

Saturday, April 20.—J. Renwick Preston and William Berg are the men for my money, so far as I have gone, and I have investigated a lot of propositions during the week. Preston predicts that the stock of the Nevada Greenback Wonder will go from 15 cents to \$3 to \$5 in a short time, but it is his promise to sell for me at the highest market price any time within a year that I like best. And Mr. Berg's double profit looks mighty good. None of the others that I have followed up impresses me so favorably.

The Hope Mining and Milling Company, 1302 Rector Building, is too indefinite in the matter of the expected increase of 300 per cent in the value of its shares, and the Eagle Mountain Copper Mining Company, 131 La Salle Street, declines to say when its stock will go from 15 to 25 cents.

The New Amsterdam Securities Company, 404 Rector Building, offers me so many opportunities that it has me confused. It offers Governor Sparks of Nevada as an inducement to go into the Nevada-Goldfield Mining, Milling, and Smelting Company; says the stock of the British-American Copper Mines and Smelter Company will advance without further notice; and also urges the importance of Mr. Pitts's proposition. I wonder which they would recommend if I sought advice.

Cone Brothers, First National Bank Building, merely expect the stock of the Cobalt Certainty Silver Mines to advance 300 per cent within three months, and the Union Securities Company, 234 La Salle Street, doesn't impress me with its combination offer of two stocks (Nevada Star Mining and Kansas Cooperative Refining) at about 10 per cent less than the quoted price.

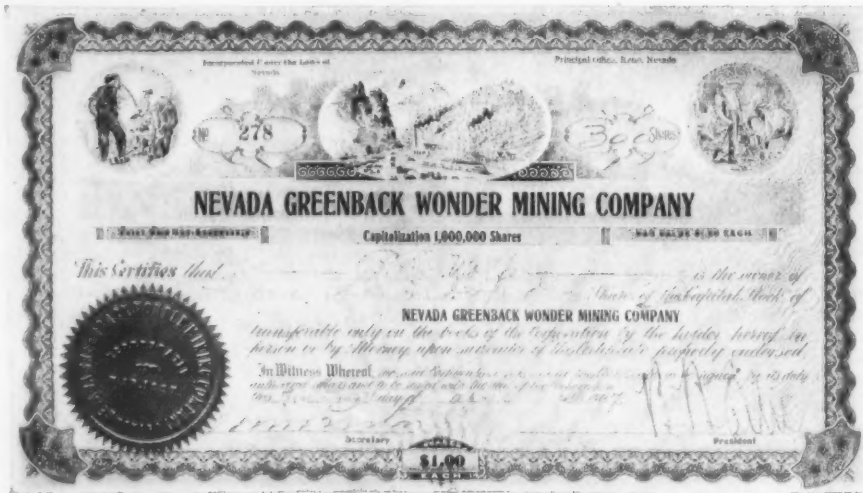
Others investigated are comparatively less promising.

I have been advised to spread my money out, in going into these things, and use it all for first instalment payments. Then, if the stocks go up promptly, I'll have more to sell at a profit. But that is too much like buying on margins, and I want to be safe. I'm investing, not speculating. They all make tempting instalment offers, however.

Sunday, April 21.—Here is the big chance! The others can wait until I clinch this.

Burr Brothers, 404 Rector Building, advertise to-day that the stock of the Toledo, Wabash, and St. Louis Railroad will go up 50 per cent on May 1. It is \$2 a share now (par \$10), and it will go to \$3 in ten days. I'd better get in quick or the allotment may be exhausted.

Two dollars is a good deal to pay for stock, of course. I can't get as much of it as I can in the 10 and 15 cent mining companies, but a 50 per cent advance means the same profit



WHAT THE CREDULOUS INVESTOR GETS FOR HIS MONEY

This reproduction of the Nevada Greenback Wonder Stock Certificate, omitting as it does the rich colors of the original, hardly suggests the excellence of the engraving. And the certificate cost only \$45



IN FLARING, DECEPTIVE HEADLINES, THE "PULLER-IN" ADVERTISEMENTS OF THE PROMOTERS ARE RIOTOUS WITH PROMISES OF RICHES

Sellers of stock work on a commission—the more sales they make the better their pay. Knowing nothing, as a rule, about the real value of the properties they handle, they concoct press announcements that claim everything. An example is the New Amsterdam Securities Company's advertisement, among those reproduced above. This concern is a financial side-show managed by Burr Brothers, "bankers and brokers," who have had a short but crowded career as promoters of "get-rich-quick" propositions

on the money invested, and this is a big thing. The company already owns a power plant and a stone-crusher, so it is only necessary to build the road. The first section, between Toledo and Defiance, already has been surveyed, and experts figure that this section alone will earn 5 per cent on the entire \$6,000,000 capital. That is the par value of the capital, so 5 per cent on that would amount to 25 per cent on stock bought at \$2. Then, the first section is only one-eighth of the whole road from Toledo to St. Louis, so, as the advertisement says, 40 per cent on the completed line is easily possible. That would be 200 per cent on stock purchased at \$2. And work has actually begun; they have a power plant for the first section, a stone-crusher, and a survey. I'll get down there the first thing in the morning.

The Logical Lure of Burr Brothers

MONDAY, April 22.—I have reserved twenty-five shares of Toledo, Wabash, and St. Louis. Didn't have my money with me, but promised to send it. I didn't see Burr Brothers, but it doesn't matter. Three mines and a railroad are all handled from that office, and the man I saw was ready to sell me stock from any one of the four stacks. He also gave me a pamphlet advising me to be my own banker. Here are some of the things from that pamphlet that seem to be worth remembering:

"Bankers own railroad stocks.

"Why?

"Because railroad stocks return big profits.

"The very money that you have on deposit in bank, drawing 4 per cent interest or less, is probably earning 10, 20, 50, or even 100 per cent for your banker.

"Why should you let your banker invest your money for his benefit when you can invest it yourself?"

That's the way I feel about it, so I reserved the stock. I get the chance because they want this road built by the people instead of Wall Street; and I feel particularly safe because of the standing of the men who are in it. I find the names of C. D. Whitney, former General Traffic Manager of the "Clover Leaf" road; George G. Metzger, president of the Broadway Savings Bank, and J. P. McAfee, general agent of the Union Central Life Insurance Company.

It seems rather strange, though, that Mr. Metzger should join in an argument that is so hurtful to savings banks.

Tuesday, April 23.—Stock advertisers certainly have the "follow-up" system down fine. Letters and circulars keep pouring in. Mr. Pitts sends me copies of letters from the Western Exchange Bank and the New England National Bank, both of Kansas City; the Bank of Jasper, Missouri; and various commercial houses of Kansas City—all of them commending him or his associates

in high terms. I wonder if these indorsements extend to his prediction that the stock will go from 15 cents to \$8; the letters are rather silent on that point, but surely banks would not indorse a man unless they considered his proposition fair and reasonable. Mr. Berg tells me that those who get into the King Leopold Syndicate promptly will later be given an equal number of shares in a sub-company that is now being formed, in addition to sharing in the stock dividend of May 10. He expects a profit of over 200 per cent on the syndicate stock alone within a few months. Mr. Berg gives as a reference the State Bank of Chicago. Mr. Preston of the Greenback Wonder urges me to hurry up, for he says he can not hold the stock down after the present allotment is subscribed.

Thursday, April 25.—No money for Berg; the Cobalt Certainty proposition looks better. Cobalt Certainty is going up 20 per cent May 8, and I have reserved 200 shares at 25 cents each. Any one can see that Berg's stock dividend might be all paper—that cash profits are what a fellow wants; and Berg doesn't say anything in his advertising about the advance in price he mentioned to me. Besides, I had a talk with one of the Cone Brothers, and he told me why a Canadian proposition, like the Cobalt Certainty, is better than any other. The laws of Ontario, he says, require that a Government inspector shall pass upon the mines and certify that there is actually ore there. The inspector doesn't guarantee profits, of course, but he makes sure that it is a mine and not a mere hole in the ground. Then, too, the law prohibits more than 25 per cent of the receipts from the sale of stock being paid out as commissions. Mr. Cone showed me this and other important provisions in the charter of the company. This makes it pretty safe, so I told him

I would go in. The 300 per cent profit within three months isn't absolutely promised, but they expect it, and a 20 per cent profit is sure within a few days. I guess that's better than a stock dividend. And the references—C. B. Taylor, manager of the Union Bank of Canada, New Liskeard; F. H. Marsh, manager of the Imperial Bank of Canada, Cobalt, and S. H. Logan, manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Cobalt—are good. Cone Brothers have fine offices, with enough girls to start a young ladies' seminary.

J. Renwick Preston the Conservative

MONDAY, April 29.—Nevada Greenback Wonder gets the rest of my money. It was hard to decide between that and the Nevada-Goldfield Company that Governor Sparks heads, but I finally chose Wonder. Nevada-Goldfield advertises an advance from 50 to 75 cents May 11, but Mr. Preston agrees to sell for me if I become dissatisfied, and he considers 110 per cent annual dividends a conservative estimate of what may be expected soon from Wonder. That is over 700 per cent on the purchase price. The president, B. B. Ellis, telegraphs from the mines that an immediate advance is warranted by the showing already made, but they are letting a few more in at the 15-cent rate.

One of Mr. Preston's stenographers entertained me while I was waiting.

"I'd like to go out to the Wonder camp myself," she said. "That's the place to get rich. A friend of mine invested \$300, and now she's independently rich."

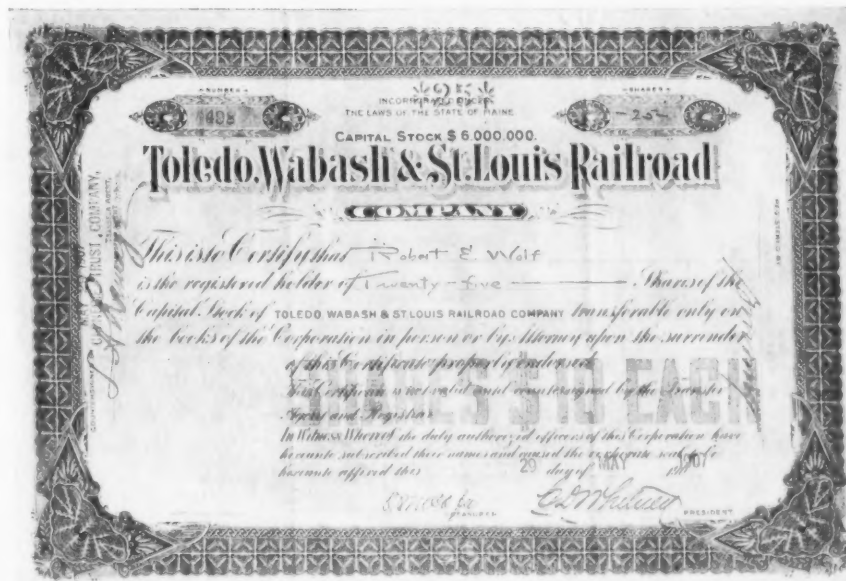
The very atmosphere of Mr. Preston's office makes you anxious to give him your money, although he is handling so many propositions that the clerk had to ask me which one I was interested in.

I am now the owner of 525 shares of stock of the par value of \$750—25 Toledo, Wabash & St. Louis, 200 Cobalt Certainty, and 300 Greenback Wonder—and it only cost me \$145. I only wish I had some more money to invest.

Wednesday, May 1.—I am \$25 richer to-day; Toledo, Wabash & St. Louis went from \$2 to \$3. One week from to-day, when Cobalt Certainty advances 20 per cent, I shall add another \$10 to my profits, and it is a practical certainty that Greenback Wonder will give me an additional profit of at least \$15, and probably \$30, within ten days. That's some better than savings bank interest.

In this business you can see the money grow.

[NOTE.—Having made the purchases of stock recorded in this article, in order to test their value, the buyer took his certificates to various Chicago banks and tried to borrow money on them. What the various bank presidents told him constitutes an illuminating and forcible commentary on the value of these and scores of other widely advertised "investment" stocks and will be told in the second article.]



AN ENGRAVING THAT COST MR. FLOWER \$50

Mr. Flower tried to market this stock, for which he paid \$2 a share, after its advertised price had risen to \$3 a share. He found that it had absolutely no value upon which he could realize

LADY FESSENDEN

THE GAME OF FIGHTING THE COMMONPLACE TURNS ROMANCE INTO REALITY

By GELETT BURGESS

AS Myra stood, her hands behind her, her back to the long wall, awaiting the confusion of the rush hour, the sordidness of the restaurant struck her anew. This pause, after the butter pats were arranged, the pies quartered and the salt-cellars filled, while she waited for the hurried, fretful throng to pile her tray with orders, gave her plenty of chance for disgust. It would not be so bad when she was busy waiting upon her customers; there was no time, then, to think of anything. But now the very fact that she had become used to the horrible mixture of smells and the soiled linen seemed to deepen her discontent. It had long ceased to be a new experience; it was a thing to be dreadfully taken for granted, expected and suffered in anticipation as well as in realization.

So, as she waited, she took up her game and fought the Commonplace. It was a child's game, but through this last, slow year of poverty, she had developed it with so much detail and fancy that it had been something of a resource against despair. The fine-spun, fair brown mass of hair that tumbled about her low brow, the wondering gray eyes, the absurd little nose, the dewy, parted lips and triangular chin made up of the wistful face of Myra Long, the quickest and deftest of all the black-gowned waitresses at Heppner's Quick Lunch, the only one whose whimsical droll face did not attract the flirtatious familiarity of the bolder customers. But it was not Myra Long who now stood with her back to the wall. She had gone off in a day-dream.

It was Lady Fessenden, instead, who, seeking diversion and sociological material, bored with her estates in Kent, her servants and her circle of society, had taken up the absurd whim which brought her into contact with the Lower Middle Classes. It was Lady Fessenden, also, who, after having taught school at North Summit, had come to New York to seek for a place on the stage, and who, sinking lower and lower in her ambitions, had at last found a position where she would not, at least, have to starve. It was Lady Fessenden, then, who stood, with her back to the long wall watching for the customers to come in, while little Myra Long dreamed on in peace.

It had been dull enough in North Summit, where "Lady Fessenden" had been created of the monotony of the schoolroom and lonely evenings with English society novels. No one, not even the sharp-eyed pupils of Myra Long's class, suspected the demure, gray-eyed little schoolmistress of such picturesque fancies. But, even had any one listened to the monologues after her algebra had been laid down in disgust and she had turned for solace, with a smile at her own enjoyment at such cheap fiction, to "The Secret of the Marquis," not one in a hundred would have understood what her romantic imagination accomplished in saving her dreary life from despair.

And so, in New York, in her little hall bedroom on West Twenty-fourth Street, she still bravely kept up the game. There were many odd bits of pantomime that went on in front of her wabby mirror that were impossible here in the restaurant. But even at Heppner's Lady Fessenden was not idle. She was watching for a champion to rescue Myra from the dragon of the Prosaic. Her ladyship could no longer do it alone. The game was getting a bit dry. The dingy, dirty old world was gaining, day by day, crowding upon Myra's notice. She had been captured by the Commonplace. It was time for a rescue, and Lady Fessenden had decided, at last, to wave her handkerchief from the tower window where Myra was captive and shriek for help. She was going to demand her share of Romance before it was too late. And so, as she waited, with her back to the long wall, she scanned the crowd for her errant knight.

It seemed absurd to think of his ever appearing at Heppner's, but there was no knowing what accident might lead him to Myra's table. You never could tell—it was the very nature of Romance to accept an unexpected, incongruous environment. How she would greet her rescuer, Lady Fessenden did not know. It would settle itself, probably, inevitably. One could not escape such accidents of Fate. The one thing that should justify her, afterward, when the affair was quite on, would be that

she had planned for it, prepared herself for it, long in advance.

That he did come, as she hoped, to her very table at Heppner's, and that she recognized him at a glance, proved Lady Fessenden to be of the blood-royal of Romance. But he did not, at least, come like the others, to stare at her, joke with her, and order a plate of wheat cakes, with a paper napkin stuck in his throat. That, at least, was spared her ladyship's aristocratic feelings. He came in with an old man. He came in, to be plain, upon the front page of the "Morning Despatch" in the form of a printed interview and a half-tone portrait of Hall Payson Prince, a South American explorer and archeologist. The paper was left on the table, and Lady Fessenden pounced upon it and bore it into the pantry. There she read the article between bites and feasted her eyes upon the picture.

With his light, drooping mustache, his firm, straight mouth, and his sun-wrinkled eyes, she felt as if she had known him for years. She read the interview avidly. Despite his astonishingly picturesque career, he was only thirty-two. He lived at a number on Lexington Avenue that she thoroughly approved. He belonged to all the best clubs. He was, in short, perfectly satisfactory as to all his references and she accepted him as eligible forthwith. In two minutes

pride could find no real fault with him. "He positively, my dear, might be an Englishman," she said. "All this newspaper notoriety may make him seem a bit of a boulder, you know, but what can you expect in such a country as this with the extrao'd'n'ry yellow journals? My word, he can't help it! And he's monstrously good looking, too—almost as nice as Fessenden."

She seated herself more comfortably, then, and went over her plan. At first it frightened her with its audacity. What if, after all, it wouldn't succeed? He might suspect her of all sorts of ulterior motives, and all the base interpretations of what she was to do sickened her with mortification. But, couldn't she convince him that she was a lady—that she would never take any advantage of the intimacy he might grant? She promised herself again and again that nothing would ever tempt her to—that would spoil everything, and make her boldness unpardonable. At last, having had it all out with herself, she went lightly to bed, her conscience satisfied, in trust that Lady Fessenden would bring it all about. It was her one hope for Romance. If this failed, she would go back to North Summit and take up the school again and confess herself beaten by the Commonplace.

She went on duty at eleven o'clock next day. At half-past ten she entered a public telephone booth and hesitatingly called for Mr. Prince's number. He answered himself—her beating heart told her that at his first word, Gasping for breath, trembling with sudden alarm at her impertinence, it was all she could do to speak aloud.

"Oh, Mr. Prince," she managed to say, "I do hope I'm not interrupting you—please tell me if I am. But I have something I'd like very much to say to you."

"Whom have I the pleasure of talking to?" he asked pleasantly.

"Well, if you must know, I'm Lady Fessenden," was her hesitating answer.

"Lady Fessenden? I'm afraid you have the advantage of me."

"You're quite right, Mr. Prince, but I intend to keep it. I'll have to quite throw myself on your mercy, really."

"What can I do for you, then?" There seemed to be a trace of amusement in his tone.

"It's a most extrao'd'n'ry proposal I have to make, Mr. Prince. Really, I don't know how I dare. It would be, of course, impossible at home, for a person of my position. But you Americans have the name of being so chivalrous and romantic, I'm really curious to see if it's so. Of course, it's a highly unconventional thing I'm doing, and all that sort of thing, but I'm depending upon your gentility not to misconstrue my motives. You see already what sort of an opinion I've formed of you. I do hope you won't disappoint me!"

"But I don't quite understand?" There was a ring of impatience in his voice.

The telephone was uncomfortably high. Myra had to stand on tiptoe to reach her lips to it. But, as she spoke, her eyebrows went up and down, her little hand gesticulated in a high-bred way, despite the holes in her glove. The exertion knocked the hat on one side of her head, but it did not affect the haughty, languid cadence of her pretty voice, nor the bubbling trills of laughter that contradicted the inflections of her affected sentences.

"My dear Mr. Prince, just exactly what I want you to do is quite *not* to understand!" (Myra got that, almost verbatim from Henry James) "I most beautifully don't understand myself—how I can permit myself ever in the world to do it! That's the charm of it, isn't it?"

"Oh, it's charming! I perfectly agree!" Mr. Prince had at last begun to play up.

Myra smiled in triumph. This was quite what he should say! Henry James was right. "Well, if it seems unconventional for you, an American, fancy what it must mean to me, an Englishwoman! You simply can't and mustn't on any possible account, ever in the world, meet me. That's the condition, the only one, on which I'm willing to talk to you."

"Talk to me! Can't I see you about—whatever you wish to say?"

"Am I quite, then, too barefaced about it? Am I an adventuress, do you think?"

"I'm sure I don't want to show any lack of gal-



W. MORGAN

But it was not Myra Long who now stood with her back to the wall

she had his history by heart, and his portrait in the bag at her waist.

So it was decided. Lady Fessenden, whose power had been slowly waning, grew in strength and importance. She was not quite so deft as Myra, however, and in her abstraction she broke a few dishes. It did not disturb her in the least. Her brain was busy as she went through her dreary routine that afternoon, for there was much to be decided. It was late when she left Heppner's and walked, still engrossed with her plan, to her little hall bedroom.

Here she took out the portrait and pinned it to her bureau while she mended the frayed braid on her skirt. Yes, he would do. Lady Fessenden's haughty

lantry," he replied. "But, even yet, I don't quite get what you wish of me."

"Merely to talk to me. Is it too absurd?"

"Are you married, may I ask? The name implies—"

"Oh, Lord Fessenden has been dead two years. It's quite safe as to him!"

He laughed. She frowned. There was a moment's silence.

"I think I begin to see," he said slowly. "It's really very delightful of you."

"It's—a concession, of course."

"To what? I'm really curious to know."

"To your romantic career, I suppose."

"Ah, I can fancy how romantic yours must have been—and will be."

She fairly hugged herself with delight and went on:

"That's for you to say. Only, you shall never see me!"

"I'm simply dying of curiosity already."

"I can easily imagine that, seeing how much I have myself."

"Then you really don't know me?"

"I've never even seen you. How could I do anything so atrocious, else?"

"Then just what, may I ask, is to happen?"

"You're simply to talk to me whenever I ring you up."

"Oh, if you only will!"

"I shall, to-morrow. Good-by!"

"Oh, now I'm sure I must have disappointed you."

"Not at all, really. You've done beautifully. But I must go!"

"I'm so glad I've pleased you. I can see how particular you are. Then good-by, Lady Fessenden!"

"Good-by, Mr. Prince!"

Myra hung up the receiver, and with flushed cheeks came out of the booth. It was done.

She had not been disappointed in her champion—at his first thrust he had slain the dragon of the Prosaic. It had all been so simple. She wondered why other girls had never dared to try it. She paid her dime to the operator with a smile.

She went to work in the restaurant more than ever Lady Fessenden in disguise. It had been sheer play, before, while she did it alone; now it seemed almost true, since some one believed in it. What did the drudgery and the vulgarity matter, now? She worked with her head in the clouds of Kent, far out of hearing of the sounds of clattering dishes and the smell of fried beefsteaks. Not that there was anything haughty in her outward demeanor, far from it. Lady Fessenden was too much amused by her occupation and her companions to betray her position. She was playing at earning her living while she watched the manners and customs of the Lower Middle Classes. Lady Fessenden's pride showed itself only in the satisfaction that, of all the waitresses at Heppner's, she was the neatest, surest, and quickest. It all went to prove that blood would tell, even when it came to a question of carrying a cup of coffee without slopping it into the saucer. The day passed swiftly. So much had ten cents' worth of pure Romance done for her.

The next morning Myra was again at the telephone booth. Mr. Prince had evidently awaited her coming with some curiosity. His "Is that you, Lady Fessenden?" delighted her, though to have the name put to her, audibly, seriously, almost frightened her. She assumed her English inflection and replied:

"For fifteen minutes she was a lady—the lady of her dreams. Her audience inspired her with flights of fancy. She grew delicately jocose, she rallied him playfully, she even taunted him with her advantage. Oh, she had him on the hook, surely enough, now! The surety of it went to her head. It was perilously exciting to have him take her at her own valuation."

"But just exactly why can't I be permitted to know you?" he asked.

"My dear Mr. Prince," she answered, "it's simply not to be thought of—much less discussed. No matter how much of a gentleman you are, I can't entrust you with my secret. A woman of my position simply *can't* take the risk. As long as you don't meet me, I'm safe. But fancy how it would compromise me if it should become known!"

"You might at least describe yourself!" he insisted.

"Well, I'm tall and willowy, a pronounced brunette. Oh, I suppose you'd admit I had a certain carriage and the grace of a woman of my station. To-day I have a green velvet suit with military frogs of bronze and a picture hat. White gloves. An emerald necklace—but really not a bit gaudy."

"It's your eyes I want most to know about."

"Oh, they're indescribable, my eyes. Green, of course—we're all wearing green eyes, this season. But I must positively go to my hairdresser's. Good-by!"

Such was the beginning. Every day, after that, she rang him up and they had a half-hour's sprightly converse. Their talk soared to all heights of persiflage and fancy, and, as her confidence and her familiarity increased, she became more and more picturesque, holding his attention during entrancingly whimsical monologues. But in the brisk give-and-take of it, too, he would sometimes quite sweep her off her feet with

his ardor, and she would come out of the booth with shining eyes and a color that would not disappear all the afternoon. She would go into Heppner's as if drugged, put on her black suit and white apron like a deaf mute, scarcely noticing that she was stared at by the other girls with increasing scorn.

She saw him once, when he lectured at Carnegie Hall. She went early and secured a seat well to the front. She tingled with excitement as he came on the platform, with the red ribbon in his buttonhole, and began with his suave, delightfully modulated tones. She shrunk into her shabby suit as she stared at him. She could scarcely believe that she had ever had the temerity to address him—that that very morning she had talked with this gentleman upon terms of equality, had joked with him, teased him, patronized him! It was a fearful delight to watch him, to listen to the applause when his wit sparkled, and to think that she knew him—she, Myra Long—and that he had actually paid her compliments, that he had besought her to meet him!

There was one long, dreary week after that, however, when Lady Fessenden dwindled almost to ghostly tenuity, and was kept from actual dissolution only by fervid monologues in the little hall bedroom. Mr. Prince had left town on a lecturing tour, and Myra had not the stimulation of his credulity. It seemed almost like playing with a doll to keep it up alone. But she went at it desperately.

"My dear Lady Fessenden," she would say, looking out over the roofs: "Really, you shouldn't permit yourself to take on so. Hall Prince is nothing to you, nor can he ever be. You positively can't afford to take him so seriously. What-ever in the world would your father the Earl say? It's all well enough for you to permit him to amuse you, occasionally, but really—*fancy* caring for him as an equal! It's absurd!"

Whereat, Myra would take out her one pair of silk stockings, a relic of her first week's recklessness in New York when she had a wild idea of going on the stage—with her little snub nose, too!—and sit down to darn the heels. Then she would take up a battered copy

of Henry James and study the dialogue, reveling in its highbred circumlocutions and involved sentences, practising them aloud.

When Mr. Prince returned she almost gave herself away by her enthusiastic welcome, in which Myra's own natural exuberance was corrected, in spasms of self-consciousness, by Lady Fessenden's restrained elaboration. Mr. Prince, however, seldom appeared to notice the inconsistencies of her speech; he spent all his effort at arousing the ringing, mellifluous laughter which would occasionally get the better of her artful affectations.

He began to force her hand, now, and it was hard to refuse him. It was he who was pursuing, now, and she who was the pursued. She began to see what temptations were being prepared for her. He made overture after overture which she was compelled to refuse. Decidedly it was becoming dangerous. Their conversations became daily more exciting. Their fifteen minutes every day had been enough to create what seemed to be a real friendship. He had never missed one.

"Mayn't I, at least, send you something?" he asked.

She thought it over a moment, and was sorely tempted. But one such concession, and she knew that she would lose all her self-respect. She could not look herself in the face if she consented to take such advantage of the situation. But there was one thing she did want—so much!

"You may, if you like, send me your photograph," she answered.

The next day she received it at the General Delivery window of a branch Post-Office, addressed to "Mrs. Cecelia Fessenden," and bore it delightedly to her room. Inside, wrapped in tissue paper, was a gold chain, so old and fine as to be hardly heavier than a thread. She could not bear to send it back, but she promised herself that she would take nothing else. Her acceptance seemed to encourage him, and now they often prolonged their conversations so that she had to pay double or triple tolls when she settled with the operator. It kept her pinched for money—but it was worth it—Oh, how well it was worth it!—it kept her up for the whole day.

Still, he urged her every day to meet him. It seemed so harmless as she thought of it, but her pride forbade. It would stultify her forever. Now she had the upper hand; she could keep her self-respect, although she had sought him out. But if she were to concede this she would have a permanent shame to fight with. He might not care for her. He might drop the friendship. And then, there was the absurd fiction she had kept up, her pretenses to being a lady. It was not to be thought of that she, a waitress in a cheap restaurant, had taken this forward means of forcing herself upon him. She was tortured between the reproach of that shamelessness and her growing desire to see him, face to face. She feared that, at last, that desire would be

too strong for her. She tried, therefore, to break it all off and go back to her dreary, uneventful life alone. For a few days she did not ring him up. When, finally, she broke down and called him, his reproaches were more than she could bear.

She had been buoyed so long by her dream, the excitement of this secret life had been so stimulating, that she had not noticed how the enmity of her fellow waitresses had been aroused. She simply did not regard them, except as supernumeraries in a drama where she played the leading part. It was long since she had even spoken to them, except in the way of business. They had begun to resent it, and she was made the victim of all sorts of petty annoyances. It was some time before she realized the conspiracy against her, and it was then too late to placate or outwit them. A series of apparent accidents gave her the reputation, with Heppner, of being careless. This continued, through the strategy of the other waitresses, till the proprietor, scenting mischief, and desiring to get out of it as easily as possible, summoned her to him and gave her her discharge. She walked out of the restaurant with seven dollars in her bag. Of this she owed five for room rent. The rest was all she had for food till she found a new position.

Lady Fessenden had a fine scene that night in the little hall bedroom, as Myra looked at her whimsically wistful face in the glass.

"It's really atrocious, the bad taste of these vulgar Americans!" she said. "Really, I think I'll have to go back to Kent and leave this cheap herd to its own prosaic mediocrity. The tenantry will be delighted to receive me again, I'm sure. I wonder if that ridiculous Mr. Prince will miss me. But even he's a bit crude, don't you know. I think I'll take a marron and a sip of sherry and go to bed. *Félicite!* Bring me that Duchesse lace night dress, please—the one with the fagoting." Saying which, Myra fished a sardine from the tin with a hatpin, and filled a tumbler of water from her pitcher on the washstand.

The next day Mr. Prince was more than usually eager. "See here!" he exclaimed. "Hasn't this thing gone far enough? You must have found out by this time that I'm a gentleman, and any experiment you have wanted to make must have been satisfied. I'm simply crazy to see you. Won't you, at least, come to lunch with me? You don't know how I admire you, and how much I want to see you, face to face. Surely I deserve it, after the heroic way I've behaved!"

Again came the fierce temptation to have him to herself, if only once. Then the thought of her snub nose, her shabby dress, and her homespun manners strengthened her resolution. But she sighed before she answered:

"You poor, silly boy! It's no use, I simply *can't* do it! If any of my friends should see me! A woman in my station of life can't afford it, even once. And the fact is, I've got to say good-by, to-day. I've been called back to England. The Earl positively insists upon my being there to settle some matters concerning the estate."

"Oh! You're really not leaving New York!" he cried. "And you!" she replied firmly.

"Not till I ask you one question!"

"As many as you like," she said unsuspectingly.

"Will you marry me?"

She gasped. Then a smile illumined her face, and she drew a deep breath. "Oh, don't joke," she said. "It's good-by forever, I'm afraid."

"But I *mean* it!" he wailed. "It's one way of forcing you to reveal yourself, but I'm in earnest—I'll write it to you, if you like."

"You don't really mean to say—" she brokenly began.

"Is it so ridiculous?" he asked. "I've known you for two months—I've heard your voice almost every day. It's by your voice I judge you—there's no surer test in the world. You're simply charming!"

"You're simply ridiculous," she said. "It will be the most extraordinary of all my American experiences. Nobody but an American would be capable of it!"

"Let me see you for ten minutes, and I'll convince you!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, I'm quite convinced that—that you're absurdly romantic."

"And I that you're charming, and adorable and sweet and—most passionately to be desired."

"And invisible!" she taunted. "Never mind the rest. Good-by!"

"Just wait one moment!"

"I don't dare!"

She hung up the receiver. Indeed, she did not dare to listen to more. She went wearily out of the booth, paid the operator, and set out upon her quest.

All that day she looked unsuccessfully for work. She went home to cry herself to sleep. Lady Fessenden could not comfort her. There was something the matter besides even her hunger, her loneliness, her discouragement. She dared not confess to herself what it was.

The next day and the next she walked the streets without finding anything to do. Her money was reduced now so that she dared eat but little. She dared not spend ten cents for the telephone, though it would bring a release from the pain in her heart. Lady Fessenden disappeared. Myra was left to fight it out quite alone. She went for two days without eating, keeping back her last dime jealously in her bag. Why she had determined to starve rather than spend it was something that made her blush fiercely to acknowledge.

She was crossing Broadway one evening chilled, hungry, and despairing, when an automobile made directly for her. She looked up, frightened and bewildered, and caught sight of the chauffeur. A glance at the drooping mustache, the sun-wrinkled eyes, told her who it was. She stopped, involuntarily, and her eye



She had to stand on tip-toe in the telephone booth

stayed on him. He had made a detour to avoid her, thinking, probably, to cross behind her, but when she paused he had no time to change his course. The car swooped past in a quick curve, and the mud guard caught her in the side, throwing her to the curb . . .

SHE awoke some hours later in bed, in a still, fragrant, exquisite room. She was wearing the most charming of night robes—as lovely a one as any that Lady Fessenden had ever possessed. The room was luxuriously furnished; it rivaled the lavender guest chamber at Fessenden Court—it was even, she admitted, more elegant in its appointments. Beside her—to remind her of the liveried servants in the Earl's household—was a pretty, sweet-faced trained nurse, in a blue linen uniform.

"Don't be disturbed," she said, "it's all right. You were run over by Mr. Prince's automobile—it was dreadful, and he's quite distracted about it—but there are no bones broken, luckily. You're just to stay here and keep absolutely quiet, and you'll be all right in a few days. Mr. Prince brought you here instead of to a hospital because he thought you'd be more comfortable."

Myra's eyes stared at her. "Mr. Prince?" she said faintly.

"Yes, Mr. Hall Payson Prince. He was in the car that struck you, you know. As soon as you're able, he wishes to see you and tell you how sorry he is. But first you must tell us who you are. We found your bag, but there was nothing in it to show what your name was, or where you lived."

Myra's brain whirled. She was too ill to think it all out and decide what to do, though the sudden sense of danger deprived her of what little strength was left to her. If he discovered who she was, she would be stripped of every pretense, she would feel as if naked before him; he would see how poor and mean she was, and how pitiful had been her assumption of gentility. How could she help betraying herself? He ought to know her voice well enough by this time. How could she refuse to speak to him? How could she risk speaking?

She had ignored or forgotten the question that had been put to her, and, in her distress, lay with her eyes closed. The nurse leaned over her and made her more comfortable, saying:

"Never mind, dear, if you don't feel like talking. See if you can't get to sleep!"

Sleep! Myra's brain was whirling. The thought of his seeing her was torture, now. What could he think of her forwardness, her deceit? The problem spun itself out into a hundred fantasies till the mental effort was too much for her strength, and, still protesting, she dozed off again. When she awakened, the nurse reached over and touched Myra's hot cheek, telling her not to worry and that it was all right. The room was filled with the fragrance of violets. The bed was cool and comforting. After a year in the hall bedroom it was luxury enough to lie between the smooth clean sheets, look at the pictures on the wall, take, listlessly, the delicate food that was prepared for her, and then sink into a delicious stupor. The attentions of the nurse were delightful, the gentle bathing, the soothing manipulation of her hair, the reading aloud. It was delightful, after a while, to stop worrying herself with her problem, to feel the satisfaction that everything would be done for her, that, somehow, it might all come out right. She felt sore all over her body, but the pain was dull and her exquisite weakness was something that she could almost enjoy of itself. The nurse asked her no more questions, but waited upon her with perfect cheerfulness and reassurance. So two, three days went by—the happiest Myra had spent for many a long month.

But, as her strength came back in an increasing flood, her alarm grew again. She must, inevitably see Mr. Prince. To be discovered now would be intolerable, shameful. She could not endure being the object of his pity. Her pretense to being a lady she might, perhaps, carry off in a joke, but to confess that she had deliberately sought him out and forced herself upon him so audaciously was a mortification she could not endure.

She was at last able to sit up, and to talk more and more with her nurse. She said as little as possible about her own circumstances and whenever that subject seemed imminent, grew enthusiastic in her gratitude for the care that had been lavished upon her. The nurse did her best to make her patient feel at her ease. But Myra felt that the curiosity as to her identity was being merely postponed, and she had not yet decided upon a plan to defeat it.

She was sitting, half dressed, in a chair by the open fire one morning when the nurse came up to her and said:

"Don't you feel well enough, yet, to see Mr. Prince? He's naturally very anxious to pay his respects to you."

"Oh, not yet—really, I don't feel quite equal to it!" Myra protested. It seemed ungracious, but she was desperate.

The nurse stroked her hair affectionately. "Very well, dear, just as you say, of course. We don't want to tire you, and perhaps it may be an effort. But he is so kind and tactful I thought it might cheer you up to see him."

"Oh, I can't! Mayn't I get dressed first?" Then, at the mortifying thought of the clothes he would have to see her in brought the tears to her eyes.

"Don't fret, dear, it shall be just as you say. But perhaps you had better tell me where you live, so we can send for your things. Your skirt was badly torn in the accident, you know."

Myra bit her lip in despair. She had no skirt at home as good even as the one she had worn. How could she send any one to her house? Yet how could she refuse to give the address?

"If you could get me a needle and thread, I think I might mend my skirt so that it would do," she said, lamely.

"Oh, I'll attend to that, of course. I only thought—"

"I'll send to-morrow," said Myra, at her wit's end. "And then I'll be glad to see Mr. Prince."



Lady Fessenden had a fine scene that night in the little hall bedroom

As the nurse set about repairing the garment, she looked up roguishly, to say: "It was a queer coincidence, wasn't it, that you happened to have a newspaper picture of Mr. Prince in your bag! He was quite amused by it."

Myra's heart sank. What was the use, now? He must know! Then it would all come out—her shame and deceit! But she only said, as calmly as she could:

"Oh, was that a picture of Mr. Prince? I didn't know it. There was something on the back of it I wanted to save." She hated herself for the lie, but she was fighting against time, now.

She put her hand surreptitiously to her neck and touched the chain he had given her. What if he knew about that, too? No doubt the nurse had mentioned it—if so, there was no hope for her secret.

"Of course, it was a mere coincidence," the nurse was saying, "but I think it's delightfully romantic, really."

Myra made no reply. She felt as if a net were closing about her, as if she were captured and being examined like some wild animal. She watched sharply for some possible means of escape; her mind spun with it.

The nurse, after finishing the mending, brought out the rest of Myra's shabby, soiled garments, brushed them neatly, and with as much care as if they had been priceless, hung them in the closet. Myra looked on, tortured with mortification. In that exquisite room, the parade of her poverty seemed atrocious. Then, saying that she would be gone only a few minutes, the nurse left the room to go downstairs and prepare the evening meal, closing the door with a strict injunction to Myra to rest.

But instead, in an instant, Myra was upon her feet. The exertion made her stagger with dizziness, and she had to cling to the bedstead for a few moments before her strength returned sufficiently for her to walk unsteadily to the closet, take down her things, and, stripping off her peignoir, put on the garments, one after the other. This tired her so that she had to lie down on the bed to get her breath, but her fear of discovery stimulated her to a new effort, and she pinned

her bedraggled hat to her head. She dared not look in the mirror for fear of losing courage. Then, grasping the backs of chairs to steady her progress, even to keep herself from actually falling, she made her way to the door, opened it, and looked out. There was no one in sight.

She crept cautiously, laboriously, down two flights of stairs. Below her, now, was an expanse of polished hall. A servant stood by a door. Myra sat down on the top step to wait till he disappeared, and as she clung to the baluster railing, the whole house seemed to sway and rock about her. She closed her eyes, fearing that she would faint. When she opened them the man was gone. She crept furtively down the last flight, tottered across the floor, reached the front door, and went out into the vestibule.

It was already dark and bitterly cold. The wind struck through her like needles, searching for every hot bruise on her body. Clinging to the hand-rail, she got down one icy step at a time. She did not know which way to turn, but choosing the right at hazard walked down the avenue.

As she left the house, a big limousine car came tearing up the street and stopped at the curb. She turned, faintly, and saw Mr. Prince jump out and go up the steps of his house. She started to run, slipped on the ice and fell. It was some time before she could rise to her feet. Then she crept resolutely on.

The next thing she knew, she felt two strong arms about her, lifting her up, holding her as lightly as one might hold a baby. She looked into a pair of sun-wrinkled eyes, knew them for Mr. Prince's, and then sank against his shoulder with a smile of ineffable peace. In that moment, with a queer, baffled smile, she gave up the fight. It was too delicious for further protest. She didn't care any more, she would let come what might. She was too weary to keep up the struggle any longer. To feel his warm, strong grasp supporting her, mastering her, doing what he would with her body, gave her such a comfort and happiness that she ceased longer to worry about the future. It seemed to her, somehow, that it was essentially right for it to be that way. The last thing she knew for a while was a sort of wonder whether he was really kissing her, or whether it was a mere fancy. She played with the puzzle for a few minutes, and then let it go.

She was in bed again. Just what had happened seemed to make absurdly little difference, somehow. She did not care enough even to ask her nurse, who stood over her as before. She drifted off to sleep again, with a sense of comfort and content so abandoned and irresponsible that she lay with her whimsical smile hovering lightly on her face. She wouldn't pretend any more, they could find out what they wanted to. Had he kissed her, really? What of it? It amused her to think how delightfully wicked she must be. . . . These imaginings wove themselves into her dreams.

She awoke strong and sane next morning. The nurse looked at her color, felt her pulse, took her temperature, and smiled.

"It didn't do so much harm, after all. You're positively better than ever, to-day! I think your little runaway did you good, my dear! But don't try it again, please! Next time we mayn't find you so easily, and I'll be blamed for it. You did get me into a mess! How could you!" She shook her finger good naturedly.

"I won't again," said Myra. "I'll be good, now. I've reformed, and I'll do anything you say."

"You'll see Mr. Prince?"

"Yes," Myra sighed. "I suppose I'll have to. But do make me as pretty as you can, please!" The nurse set about dressing her in the blue peignoir. She did the light brown, fine-spun mop of hair into a becoming, a most coquettish array of waves and billows; she manicured the little nails and put a red rose in Myra's bosom. The chair was wheeled before the fire. It was Lady Fessenden herself, now, who took her place there, and contemplated with considerable satisfaction a pair of small, blue satin slippers. Then the nurse silently left the room.

In another minute Mr. Hall Payson Prince was beside her. His voice rang with the glee of triumph.

"Well, Lady Fessenden, I've got you at last! You are—in—my power!"

She looked up at him with an odd smile and held out her hand. "I tried to get away as soon as I knew," she said simply. Then the smile faded into an expression of repentance.

"I'm not Lady Fessenden at all, really," she said demurely.

He had got astonishingly near her. "Indeed, you are Lady Fessenden! Always!" he exclaimed.

How she smiled, then! It went even to a chuckle of childlike joy as she exclaimed: "Really? You mean that you'll play, too?"

"Really, I will," he answered, and then, audaciously enough, he put his fingers to her very neck and felt for the chain. He found it while she stared, frightened, and drew it out softly till it hung outside.

"You see, I've captured you and put you in chains," he said. "You'll never get away from me again!"

"I never want to," she sighed with a content too deep for her to recall what a Henry James-lady would have said.

THE BEGINNINGS OF A TRUST

This is the first of a series of articles dealing with some phases of the history of the American Tobacco Company. The second will discuss the trust's relations with various State Legislatures

THE history of the American Tobacco Company has two beginnings, the first, a family of Dukes, whose names to the extent of thirty or more bestrew the pages of the town directory of Durham, North Carolina; the second, the introduction to the plug-chewing, cigar-smoking, and pipe-smoking American of the Asiatic paper-covered cigarette. From these two roots, through a history of thirty years, can be traced with vivid clearness the succession of economic laws, of vigorous fights between strong men, and of fortuitous chances, which made a great many poor men very rich, caused a good deal of misery to befallen men who stood in the way, and wrought the fourth of the world's great trusts.

Washington Duke lived very frugally on a three hundred acre farm a few miles west of Durham. When the war came, he was conscientiously troubled, for, though he was born in the South, his antecedents were New England, and his convictions were Union, and a quality of primitive Methodism made such things important. His troubles were complicated by the very pointed pressure of his Confederate neighbors. Finally, in 1863, he sold his stock and his crops, taking pay in tobacco, and rented his farm, taking the income for that, too, in tobacco. His wife, his four young children, and his one slave he sent to stay with a relative in Alamance County. Then he joined the Confederate Navy, served it faithfully for two years, and at the end of the war found himself stranded at New Bern, his sole possession a five-dollar Confederate note. He started to walk the one hundred and thirty-five miles to his home, and on the way met a Union soldier who sufficiently valued the Confederate note as a souvenir to give fifty cents in Northern money for it. That fifty cents was literally all the capital Duke had to make his second beginning in life, for his farm had been in the track of Sherman's and Johnston's armies. The crops had been devastated, the buildings ruined, every growing thing and every improvement laid waste. What seemed to him, then, his crowning misfortune was that the Northern army, in the cheerful way of foraging soldiers, had looted the accumulated hogheads of tobacco which he had received when he sold his goods and rented his farm.

The First of the Dukes

AS it turned out, the taste which those Northern soldiers got of Durham tobacco, a bright leaf peculiar to the light-gray loam of a few counties, was one of the largest elements in his subsequent fortune and in the growth of the American Tobacco Company. Users of tobacco, unlike users of other commodities, ask for particular brands. Over grocery counters, customers ask for "some sugar," or "some salt," or "some potatoes." But the tobacco-user asks for "Bull Durham" or "Star Plug"—a particular kind of leaf, or plug, or brand, to which he has become accustomed, and which his taste craves. A small fact, but to a shrewd and penetrating man it contains the germ of monopoly. It has had a big part in making possible a trust of the tobacco business.

The Northern soldiers, returned to their homes, when their little stores of Mr. Duke's looted tobacco began to give out, used to write to the Postmaster at Durham to get more of it. Mr. Duke was glad to get the petty sums of cash that accompanied the orders, and the recurring incidents suggested to him the possibility of unusual quantities in the tobacco that grew in his neighborhood. The looting of his barn had the nature of an unwilling distribution of free samples which turned out to be good business. He supplied the orders from the North; and by and by bought from his brother-in-law—on credit—two blind mules and a canvas-covered wagon, with which he used to go on long trips peddling his crop out among the country stores and villages of North Carolina.

Soon Mr. Duke began to get help from his three young sons, Brodie, Benjamin, and James. Together they used to plant and gather the crop. They dried it over rude fires, and all helped in swinging the flail on the barn floor by which they granulated the leaf. The sons were possessed of sturdy physical strength and aggressive ambition. This led them, in 1870, to abandon the old log barn on the farm and go to Durham, then a town of less than a hundred people, where they could have railroad facilities. In Durham they first bought an old two-story house, using the lower story as a factory, and the upper story for the double purpose of a warehouse and a bedroom for members of the firm. In 1874 they built a factory of forty by seventy feet.

Certainly there were in this country at that time a hundred tobacco factories of more impressive size, and a hundred firms which would have been picked out as more likely

to dominate the tobacco business of the world. The one element of this little firm which had most to do with its destiny was the youngest son, then less than twenty years old—James, later the organizer and president of the American Tobacco Company. He was the firm's "outside man." The others of the family grew the tobacco and manufactured it; he sold it. This gave him control of that side of the business which encountered competition and contest, and contest he loved. He had overpowering physical endur-



JAMES BUCHANAN DUKE

President of the American Tobacco Company since its organization

ance and aggressive strength. He would fill his bag with samples, and as little of clothing and personal conveniences as he had to have, and go pushing about the country with feverish haste and abounding energy, selling Durham tobacco in every cigar store from Maine to California. He was furiously impatient of anything that hampered or hindered; an obstacle was a thing to be hammered and battered by the shortest and swiftest strokes within his strength, to be broken through by sheer force. He knew no pleasure and no duty except getting more dealers to sell Durham tobacco and to sell more of it. He worked literally night and day and lived with extreme modesty. Even after the trust was organized and he was a rich and important man, he continued to live in modest boarding-

houses, and spent most of his time "on the road," working harder than any "drummer" in his employ. He was always an aggressive advertiser, devising new and startling methods which dismayed his competitors; and always willing to spend in advertising a proportion of his profits which seemed appalling to more conservative manufacturers.

During the seventies the Dukes made only smoking tobacco. In 1881 they added the manufacture of paper-covered cigarettes. That quickly became the most important part of their business; and, in turn, they soon dominated the cigarette trade in the United States.

Up to the late sixties the American tobacco-user of the more fastidious class smoked cigars; the less fastidious chewed it, or smoked briar and corn-cob pipes; no small number used it as snuff. But the cigarette was an exotic, imported in very small quantities from Turkey. In 1867 Bedrossian Brothers, whose store was at 22 Wall Street, New York, began to make cigarettes out of native American tobacco. Their output was small and the business languished. Here is the place to mention one of those small laws of trade, apparently insignificant and discoverable only through experience, which had very much to do with the ultimate growth of the tobacco trust. Cigarettes in the early days were packed in loose, fragile paper packages. Carried in the pocket, they broke readily. It was not until some inventor thought of packing them in stiff, pasteboard, sliding boxes that they became popular. James Duke's quick appreciation of the value of this box, and his prompt ordering of large quantities of them, was one of those incidents which gave him and his company dominance among the firms which later composed the American Tobacco Company. As soon as the new box was brought to his attention he ordered 50,000; his judgment was justified by the increased sales; and within a year he was ordering the boxes in lots of a million.

How One Firm Became Dominant

STILL another of those quick seizures of opportunity which made Duke the most conspicuous figure in the tobacco trade occurred in 1882. The revenue tax on cigarettes was \$1.75 a thousand; Congress reduced it to fifty cents a thousand, the lower rate to go into effect in May, 1883. The cost of manufacture was such that, with the old tax, the necessary price was one cent each, a box of ten for ten cents. Duke estimated that with the lower tax, if he could manage to sell a very much larger output, he could put them on the market at five cents for a box of ten. On the chance of getting a much larger volume of business at the lower figure, he concluded to gamble. Packing a bag with samples, he made one of his dashing trips through the country, taking orders everywhere at one-half the old price. Practically every keeper of a tobacco shop ordered in large quantities; Duke got vastly more than the volume of business he had to have to make the new price profitable, and the coup gave him a start over his rivals from which they never recovered.

Also, Duke's lead was increased by his quick grasp of the advantage of a newly invented machine for rolling cigarettes. An expert operative working by hand could roll 2,500 cigarettes a day, an average man about 1,500. The new machine made 120,000 a day, and did the work of forty-eight men. The following, from a Durham local paper, tells in the quaint language of country journalism the story of the introduction of this machine in Durham:

"As this remarkably ingenious invention marks a new era in this branch of tobacco manufacture, its introduction in our midst is worthy of our notice as an important item in the manufacturing industries of Durham. This machine was set at work in Durham for the first time April 30, 1884. It is unquestionably the most marvelous piece of machinery in North Carolina, and one of the most remarkable in the world. The inventor is now (1884) only twenty-two years of age, and is a son of Mr. Bonsack of Bonsack Station, in Virginia. Six or seven years ago some one remarked in his hearing that all cigarettes were made by hand, and that the inventor of a successful machine would make a fortune. He went to work, and after many experiments and improvements he completed the complicated machine about one year ago."

These three quick seizures of opportunity have nothing to do with ethics, but any business man will understand them. They were vital incidents in the rise of the Dukes to dominance in the cigarette business. The growth of the firm in importance is shown by the following record from the tax assessor's office in Durham. The figures give



THE FACTORY WHICH BECAME THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

This was the old log cabin, where Washington Duke and his boys cured and packed their crop during the years following the war; the second factory was built in Durham in 1870

the valuation for each year from their entrance into the cigarette-making business to the time they were absorbed in the organization of the American Tobacco Company: 1882, \$90,800; 1883, \$90,900; 1884, \$130,300; 1885, \$138,623; 1886, \$174,217; 1887, \$270,193; 1888, \$517,783; 1889, \$600,000.

During the eighties there were five large firms in the United States making cigarettes—W. Duke, Sons & Company of Durham; the Kinney Tobacco Company of New York; Allen & Ginter of Richmond, Virginia; W. S. Kimball & Company of Rochester; and Goodwin & Company of New York. Among these the rivalry was bitter, continuous, and none too scrupulous. Chiefly this competition expressed itself in extravagant and expensive advertising and in the giving of costly premiums. Probably the world has never seen such driving force behind a business or such an energetic expansion of trade as took place in the American cigarette business from 1881 until 1889. The cigarette, which ten years before had been an imported Turkish exotic, swept back on its track in enormous volume; and one American firm did an effective stroke of advertising by supplying "Richmond Straight Cut No. 1" for his Ottoman Majesty's private consumption. A local Durham paper on April 7, 1889, printed with pride this paragraph:

"Here are some of the places to which W. Duke, Sons & Company send their cigarettes: Kingston, Natal, Christiania, Hamburg, Melbourne, Stockholm, London, Rotterdam, Brisbane, Antwerp, Sydney, Calcutta, Wellington, Tokyo, Singapore, Aspinwall, Cape Town, Yokohama, Algoa Bay, Auckland, Hobart, Panama, Adelaide, Bombay, Madras, Colon, Honolulu, Vancouver, Pedras Negras, Bergess, Maitland, Montreal, Surabaya, Amsterdam."

The Cost of Competition

BACK of this feverish expansion was a campaign of advertising and price-cutting whose tremendous cost appalled the five firms engaged in it. One year, when the Duke firm made over a million dollars' profit, the five members of the firm drew out as salary \$166.66 a month and no more. The profits went back into advertising and premiums—any device to expand the business. The five firms vied in devising startling and expensive methods of advertising. Duke in 1884 bought 380,000 chairs, painted on the back of each an advertisement of Duke's Cameo Cigarettes, and placed the chairs in every cigar store in the country. Allen & Ginter, in the course of one night, flooded London with painted admonitions to "Smoke Richmond Gem." By far the most exhausting expense of each firm was its advertising. In 1889 the Duke firm spent \$800,000 for this item, and contented themselves with net profits of less than half the sum.

Every one of the manufacturers realized that the competition was ruinous and deplored the excessive cost of advertising. Whenever the accidents of business brought them in touch with each other they used to discuss the possibility of saving this expense by some sort of combination. Finally, late in 1889, the five came to a tentative agreement.

The American Tobacco Company, though it is now a child of that fecund mother of trusts, New Jersey, first appeared under a Virginia charter, with its home office in Richmond. That charter, however, lived only a few days. Immediately after the Governor had signed it, some members of the Legislature had a second thought, and a bill to repeal the charter was introduced and passed, because of the prophetic suspicion, expressed by one member of the Virginia Legislature, that "these commercial corporations are nothing but trusts, which will eventually control the industry and squeeze out the little dealers." Major Ginter, one of the promoters of the trust, spoke unctuously and virtuously of this incident to a reporter for a Richmond paper. "We desired," he said, "to establish the American Tobacco Company, and applied to the Legislature for a charter. The bill passed both Houses and was signed by the Governor. After that was done a great hullabaloo was raised about the matter. The newspapers published many foolish things about it, and the Legislature hastened to repeal the act. Now it is just like this: A man may love a beautiful and chaste girl and would like to make her his wife, but all of a sudden there is some talk about the young lady, and though she may be as pure as an angel the man will say: 'I can't

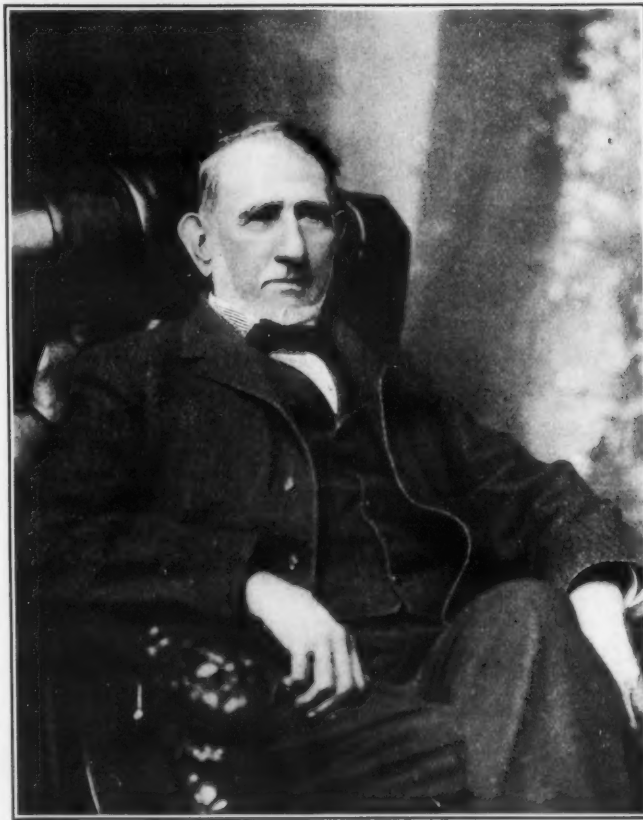


THE DUKE FARM, NEAR DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

In the centre is the farmhouse in which James B. Duke, the president of the American Tobacco Company, was born. The small wooden buildings, each a little larger than the others, are the factories in which the Dukes prepared their tobacco from the end of the war until they moved to Durham in the early seventies. "We cured the tobacco," said James B. Duke, some years ago, "in a log barn under which we had a fire to give it the right color. We granulated the tobacco with a common flail, sifted it, and put it in bags. With the blind mules and a tumble-down wagon we peddled the tobacco in winter to country merchants and others."

make any woman my wife who is talked about'; and that is just the case with the charter of the American Tobacco Company. It has been talked about and kicked about so much that we dropped it, deciding to have no more to do with it."

The passing of the original Virginia charter, its signature by the Governor, the motion to repeal the charter, and the acrimonious debate which wounded Major Ginter's fine jealousy of the fair name of his creation, took place early in January, 1890. The promoters then approached the ever-ready hospitality of New Jersey, then in the beginning of its trust-chartering career. The American Tobacco Company's charter was dated February 21, 1890, and the capital stock was



WASHINGTON DUKE OF DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

The founder of the Duke firm, which later dominated the tobacco business in the United States and was the nucleus of the American Tobacco Company

\$25,000,000, distributed as follows among the five big firms that entered it:

		Per Cent
W. Duke, Sons & Co.	\$7,500,000	30
Allen & Ginter	7,500,000	30
The Kinney Tobacco Company	5,000,000	20
Wm. S. Kimball & Co.	2,500,000	10
Goodwin & Co.	2,500,000	10

This was the genesis of the American Tobacco Company. So far, the history has nothing to do with trusts; it is merely the always interesting details, which yield only to minute investigation, of the exact incidents, the fortuitous chances, and opportunities by which one man rose from great obscurity to dominating riches and importance; how, in his business, he set a pace

which his competitors found too killing to endure, and how, ultimately, the competitors got together with him to save the cost of that competition.

But the very day those five firms got together, on that 21st of February when their charter was issued from Trenton, the combination of all assumed toward the public, by the very fact of their uniting, a relation which no one of them had had before. They controlled over ninety per cent of all the trade in their line—they were a substantial monopoly. Had the combination begun its career with the most earnest determination to follow the Golden Rule in business, it would still have been a proper object of vigilance upon the part of the public, a proper subject for regulation by some sort of restraining statute which has not yet been invented, for the Sherman law, whose history is roughly contemporaneous with the history of the American Tobacco Company, is acknowledged to be inadequate and blundering. Out of the agitation of the present day it is to be hoped there may come, as the result of two decades of experience with trusts, some such statute as is essential for the control of the best as well as the worst of monopolies.

And the American Tobacco Company, during a large part of its history, practised most of those methods of unfair competition which have been associated with trusts. In some respects they have never been as bad as Standard Oil or the Sugar Trust or others of the great trade combinations; they have never been the beneficiaries of railroad rebating; they have never controlled the channels of distribution as the Standard Oil has through its pipe lines, and they have never had a monopoly of the raw material. But in other respects, in their relations with their competitors, they have practised those methods described, in the bill of complaint recently filed by the Government, in the following language:

"With the expanding purpose to dominate the tobacco industry, it has progressively absorbed competitors and driven them out of commerce by oppressively attacking and threatening to attack them with ferocious competition and unfair trade methods and then buying them in; or through offers of irresistible sums of money—all of which their overmastering power and resources in combination made possible."

Trust Methods

SO far, the American Tobacco Company was a trust of the cigarette business only. The United States Government says that the percentage controlled was over ninety; James B. Duke admitted in the investigation conducted by a committee of the New York Legislature in 1897 that it was over eighty per cent. In any event it was a substantial monopoly. But the company did business in cigarettes only. They had a small product of granulated smoking tobacco, but the trade in the other forms of smoking tobacco, in chewing tobacco, and in snuff was still in independent hands. The trust was composed of men who had grown up, rather narrowly, in the tobacco business. They knew nothing of Wall Street and high finance, and were suspicious of those who did. But that was a period when industrial trusts were a new toy in Wall Street. The conspicuous success of the Oil Trust, then new to the world, excited the cupidity of financiers. The field was looked over for other industries in which the same methods were possible, and the newly organized Cigarette Trust was recognized as the possible nucleus for a monopoly of the tobacco business. The Wall Street interests, which were soon allied to the cigarette manufacturers, began that long series of "contracts, combinations, and conspiracies" which the Government is now seeking to dissolve.

To-day, the American Tobacco Company has a substantial monopoly, not only of the cigarette business, but also of plug and smoking tobacco, and a small share of the business in cigars. The proportion of the total output controlled by the trust is shown in the following figures from that bill of complaint in which the United States Government asks that the trust be dissolved:

	Total product of the U. S.	Product of the trust	Controlled by the trust
Manufactured tobacco, cigar and smoking (lbs.)	363,000,000	282,000,000	77 per cent.
Snuff	23,660,000	22,500,000	95 "
Cigarettes	6,328,000,000	4,900,000,000	77 "
Small cigars	995,000,000	905,000,000	91 "
Cigars, stogies, etc.	7,375,000,000	747,135,000	11 "

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

HAYWOOD ACQUITTED

A TRIAL that is destined to remain for many years one of the *causes célèbres* of America and of the world ended on July 28 with the acquittal of William D. Haywood of the murder of ex-Governor Frank Steunenberg of Idaho. Beginning on May 9, the proceedings had lasted for two months and a half. But while the trial in its length recalled the Thaw case, it differed from that deplorable spectacle as widely as the mountain air of Boise differed from the miasmatic atmosphere of the "Great White Way." The trial of Haywood was conducted with dignity and decorum. It was carried on by serious men, dealing with issues of profound importance. It was long because the case was complicated. Two hundred witnesses were examined. Great latitude was allowed on both sides in the introduction of evidence, and the record of the testimony is in effect the history of the relations between labor and capital in the mining regions of the West during the past fifteen years.

What gave this case its extraordinary interest was the fact that it was regarded by multitudes of people all over the world not as a simple trial to determine whether a certain man was guilty of a certain crime, but as a battle in a class war. It was hotly asserted that there was a plot to railroad Haywood and his comrades to death. Their cause was taken up by the Socialists and many of the labor unions in America and Europe, the methods of a superheated political campaign were adopted to influence the court and jury, and more money was raised for the defense than was ever collected for a similar purpose before. The course of the trial showed all this excitement to have been unnecessary. The storms of passion that surged about the court-room seem to have left the judge and jury absolutely unaffected. The case was considered purely on the evidence, just as if nobody had ever called the defendant either a martyr or an undesirable citizen, and Haywood was acquitted because in the opinion of the jury his connection with the crime had not been established.

The undisputed fact is that ex-Governor Steunenberg was murdered by a bomb planted at his gate by Harry Orchard. The prosecution had to prove beyond a reasonable doubt that Haywood, who was a thousand miles away at the time, conspired to cause the commission of this crime. Orchard said he did, but if Orchard had been a normal human being instead of one of the most loathsome moral perverts of all history, the law would not have allowed his statement to be accepted without strong corroborative evidence. Some significant pieces of evidence were presented, but they were not sufficient to overcome the presumptions of innocence with which the law sedulously guards the rights of the accused. And while many tales were told of the reign of terror that had been maintained so long by the Western Federation of Miners, they counted for nothing unless they tended to connect the prisoner with the particular crime for which he was on trial.

The agitators who had shouted in frenzied meetings and parades under the red flag that Haywood could not get a fair trial at once hailed his acquittal as a "vindication." Of course it was nothing of the sort. Our laws do not require a man accused of crime to prove his innocence. The prosecution has to prove his guilt, and if it fails to do so he is legally innocent. Many distinguished captains of industry have to thank this legal presumption for their present ability to view the scenery of the

EDITED BY
SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

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Hudson from the quarter-decks of their steam yachts instead of through grated windows. In the Haywood case most people thought that the conspiracy charged by the prosecution had not been proved, although two members of the jury said afterward that they believed the prisoner guilty and had voted for acquittal to prevent a disagreement and save the State the expense of a new trial. One alleged that all believed in Haywood's guilt, but that most of them thought the State had not made out its case under the judge's instructions.

As soon as Haywood was acquitted he was acclaimed as the next Socialist candidate for President of the United States. Of the two companions accused along with him of complicity in the Steunenberg murder, President Moyer of the Western Federation of Miners was granted the privilege of bail on a bond of \$25,000 and Pettibone was held for trial on October 1.

JAPAN'S FENCES

THE circle of treaties by which Japan has been consolidating her position in the Far East has been completed by the conclusion of arrangements with Russia resembling those lately concluded with France. The two Powers so recently at war have now put their friendly relations on a firm basis. The new agreements include a commercial treaty, running to 1911, a fisheries convention good for twelve years, arrangements for railroad connections in Manchuria and the delimitation of frontiers, and a mutual guaranty of each other's possessions. The only Far Eastern Powers now left outside of Japan's system of mutual insurance are Germany and the United States. Germany's present interests in that quarter are not very extensive, but she has large hopes. American interests are very great. We have greater possessions in the neighborhood of Japan than any white Power except Russia, a larger share in the trade of Manchuria than any other, and we are Japan's best customer. It will be necessary for us to have a new treaty within the next two years, but the indications are that it will be very hard to draw up one satisfactory to both sides. Unless a new formula for the settlement of the immigration question can be discovered we shall be confronting an absolute deadlock.

GLENN'S TRIUMPH

THE threatened clash between the State and Federal authorities in North Carolina has been averted by the surrender of the Southern Railway. Notwithstanding the attempt of Judge Pritchard of the United States Circuit Court to prevent the enforcement of the Rate law the State authorities had President Finley of the railroad arrested. At the same time Governor Glenn intimated that he would call the Legislature in extra session to do things to the company, and it was notorious that many of the things it might do would be extremely uncomfortable. One of them was to forfeit the corporation's charter. Although Judge Pritchard promptly released Mr. Finley on a writ of habeas corpus the company decided that the fight was becoming too warm for comfort, and it accepted the Governor's terms for a temporary settlement. These were, that the road should put the two-and-a-quarter-cent rate into effect on August 8, this being the earliest date at which new tariffs could be arranged; that the State should appeal from Judge Pritchard's order discharging prisoners on writs of habeas corpus; that the Southern Railway should appeal to the Supreme Court of North Carolina, and if necessary to the Supreme Court of the United States, in the case in which it had been fined \$30,000; that both sides should cooperate in having the cases pressed to a speedy determination; that the State, in its option, might indict the Atlantic Coast Line in one case; that all other indictments and prosecutions for violations of the law up to the time of putting the new rates into effect be dropped, as far as the Governor could accomplish it; that the Governor advise all people not to bring penalty suits pending final settlement of the issues, and that the suits before Judge Pritchard be diligently prosecuted, without the State's waiving any question of jurisdiction.

Of course this arrangement does not confirm the validity of the law. It leaves that point to be settled by the Supreme Court of the United States. Governor Glenn has never professed a desire to enforce the law in defiance of that tribunal. What he has contended for has been that an Act of the Legislature should be presumed to be valid until declared otherwise after a hearing on its merits. This point has been conceded by the railroad. In a statement addressed to the New York "Times" President Finley explained that in availing itself of what it considered its legal rights the company had found itself in "a most serious embroilment with the State." That was not to its interest. "We must continue to live in North Carolina, and must endeavor to demean ourselves as standing for law and order, and even sometimes suffering injustice rather than to permit the quiet and peace of the community to be disturbed on our account."

Governor Glenn's success has naturally stiffened the spines of other States. It was immediately followed by the announcement by Governor Swanson of Virginia that he would advise the Corporation Commission to disregard Judge Pritchard's injunction forbidding it to publish its order limiting passenger rates to two cents a mile. He held that the Commission had legislative powers whose exercise could not be enjoined.

As far as the question of physical power is concerned, the Southern Railway appears at present to be the under dog in the communities it serves. Whether those communities will ultimately benefit from their victory depends not merely upon the final decision of the Supreme Court, but much

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more upon the question whether the rates the States are enforcing are in actual fact reasonable and calculated to encourage the road to provide proper facilities for an increasing business.



MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP

The Civic Federation's investigating Committee considers some points settled

WHEN twenty members of the Civic Federation, including representatives of public service corporations, labor union men, editors, and sociologists, went to Europe to study the practical workings of municipal ownership, it seemed impossible that they could reach any sort of agreement. It appears, however, that they have not only accumulated a body of facts accepted by all, but that they have been able to agree with almost perfect unanimity upon certain important conclusions. The only member who refused to sign the report was Mr. Walton Clark, Third Vice-President of the United Gas Improvement Company, the corporation whose corrupting influence on the city government of Philadelphia stirred that lethargic community to a brief outburst of civic spirit. Mr. Clark had filed a preliminary report which showed such a total lack of the judicial temper as to make it evident that his mind was hermetically sealed to evidence in favor of municipal ownership. Two other members, Mr. Charles L. Edgar, President of the Edison Electric and Illuminating Company of Boston, and Mr. William J. Clark of the General Electric Company, dissented from some minor features of the report.

The report does not embody the complete opinions of any of its members. Some would have laid much more stress on the objections to municipal ownership; others would have had more to say in favor of that policy. But the points on which such widely separated observers as Mr. Melville E. Ingalls, President of the "Big Four" Railroad, and Mr. Timothy Healy, President of the International Brotherhood of Stationary Firemen, are able to agree along with college professors and publicists, are sufficiently important to make the investigation well worth while. The committee has reached the conclusion that "public utilities, whether in public or private hands, are best conducted under a system of legalized and regulated monopoly." That is to say, competition in that field is obsolete. Private monopoly without regulation would be obviously intolerable, and therefore we are left with only the alternatives of private operation under public control or of public operation.

The committee thinks that a public utility which concerns the health of the citizens, such as the water supply, "should not be left to individuals, where the temptation of profit might produce disastrous results." On the other hand, the signers of the report have come to the conclusion that "municipal ownership of public utilities should not be extended to revenue-producing industries which do not involve the public health, the public safety, public transportation, or the permanent occupation of public streets or grounds, and that municipal operation should not be undertaken solely for profit." Between these two fields of public and of private operation lies a wide domain in which either may be adopted. Municipal ownership may be successfully applied here, but not unless there is a high capacity for municipal government in the city that tries it. There are no particular reasons, in the opinion of the committee, "why the financial results from private or public operation should be different if the conditions are the same. In each case it is a question of the proper men in charge of the business, and of local conditions." If public operation is undertaken there can be little prospect of success without a responsible executive manager, holding his place during good behavior, exclusion of political influence and personal favoritism, separation of the finances of the undertaking from the general city budget, and exemption from the debt limit of the necessary bond issues for revenue-producing utilities.

When these utilities are left to private operation the recommendation is that franchises should be granted for limited terms, with the right on the part of the city to buy out the enterprise at any time. It is urged that in all such cases the public should retain "an interest in the growth and profits of the future, either by a share of the profits or a reduction of the charges, the latter form being preferable, as it inures to the benefit of those who use the utilities, while a share of the profits benefits the taxpayers." The "sliding scale" of rates and dividends applied to the business of supplying gas in Boston is mentioned as a good example for imitation. Publicity of accounts, according to a uniform system, is recommended as a cure for that corruption of public officials which has sprung largely from the fact that the people of the United States have "heedlessly given away their rights and reserved no sufficient power of control or regulation." When corporate officials can concur in such a view as this, it is obvious that there is no longer room anywhere for the belief that a public service corporation's business is its own private affair.

SAN FRANCISCO'S BOODLERS OUT

The new Mayor displaces the Supervisors who gave him his office



THE new broom in San Francisco has made pretty nearly a clean sweep. On July 26 Mayor Taylor demanded the resignations of all the sixteen members of the Board of Supervisors involved in the bribery scandals, leaving only the two appointed by Schmitz after the exposure. These two will be the only representatives of union labor on the new board, that element having declined to accept any appointments under the new administration. The sixteen new Supervisors include four lawyers, seven merchants, real estate and insurance men, and capitalists, an employing printer, a physician, an editor, an architect, and the President of the California Academy

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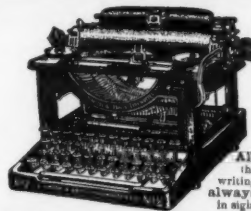
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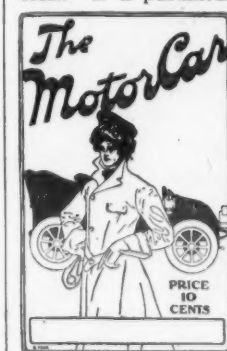
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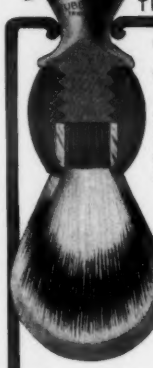
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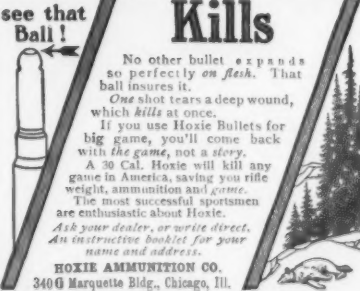
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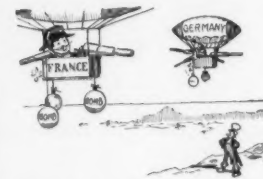
see that Ball! No other bullet expands so perfectly on flesh. That ball insures it. One shot tears a deep wound, which kills at once. If you use Hoxie Bullets for big game, you'll come back with the game, not a story. A 30 Cal. Hoxie will kill any game in America, saving you rifle weight, ammunition and game. The most successful sportsmen are enthusiastic about Hoxie. Ask your dealer, or write direct. An instructive booklet for your name and address. **Hoxie Ammunition Co.** **3400 Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill.**

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of Sciences. They are all believed to be men of high character, and it appears certain that San Francisco will have an honest government, at least until after the next election. In that time much can be done to put the devastated city on its feet, and with the boodlers demoralized and their leaders in jail there is hope that the election may make the reform permanent.

The pursuit of the corruptionists has met with a check in the failure of the prosecution to convict Louis Glass, Vice-President of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, charged with bribing Supervisors to refuse a franchise to a rival corporation. The jury stood seven for conviction and five for acquittal. The failure of this attempt to reach the "men higher up" foreshadows the difficulty of the prosecution's task in attempting to set aside the old rule that punishments for corruption are not to be carried into respectable society. The case of Calhoun, the indicted president of the United Railroads, will be fought even more bitterly than that of Glass. Already energetic literary agencies are at work in his behalf, attempting to convince public opinion in the East that the whole trouble in San Francisco is merely a contest between rival groups of capitalists for the control of the city's public utilities. It is easy enough to jail cheap politicians, but when prosecutors try to reach their employers they meet a combination of influences that has never yet been thoroughly overcome.



NAVIES, ALOW AND ALOFT

Is the battleship to become obsolete just as it has reached perfection?

THE Bellerophon, the first of England's new battleships of the improved Dreadnought type, was launched on July 27, eight months after her keel was laid. It is expected that the total time required for her construction, from the hour the first rivet was driven until she goes into service, will be two years. The time allowed by contract for the construction of our new battleships is three years, and we shall be lucky if we get them that soon. Germany needs at least as much, and France more.

This seems to put England in a position of unassailable advantage, but things are quietly going on upon the Continent which suggest revolutionary possibilities. In the same week in which the *Bellerophon* was launched Premier Clémenceau and War Minister Picquart of France sailed above Paris in a dirigible military balloon. They were in the air for nearly two hours, going where they pleased. "I was greatly impressed," said M. Clémenceau after landing, "by the feeling of stability and security, just as on the deck of a ship. This sentiment was so pronounced that I felt no alarm whatever when a breakdown occurred. The spring of a pump in the motor blew out and gave me an unexpected shower bath of hot water. The motor was stopped and the mechanic started to repair the damage. The work lasted twenty minutes, and I observed that although the mechanic jumped from one compartment to another, there was not the slightest oscillation. When the repairs were completed we restarted the motor and circled the Eiffel Tower, passed over the Ministries of War and the Interior, and finally returned to the balloon depot at Meudon, landing gently on the spot from whence we started. I can not sufficiently express my admiration for this wonderful contrivance."

At the same time reports from Germany represented the authorities as delighted with the success of the German military airships, which they thought to be the best in the world.

It is obvious that if the aeronef in which M. Clémenceau circled the Eiffel Tower had been soaring over the *Bellerophon* it could have dropped a bomb that would have sent the battleship to the bottom. The newest battleships, ready for service, cost about ten million dollars apiece. That would build over a hundred of the latest airships. If a blockading fleet were lying off a port from which it had reason to expect that fifty submarines might poke out below and a hundred airships above, its officers and men would have to develop a new quality of nerve.

In this country we have done some little experimenting with military balloons of the helplessly drifting type, but we seem to have waited for Europe to develop the dirigible. Our private inventors, who are certainly not the least ingenious in the world, have had no encouragement from the authorities. Yet if we became involved in war a million-dollar flock of airships on one side or the other might conceivably wipe out a victorious fleet of battleships that had cost two hundred millions.

WHERE WE ARE FIRST

Nobody can touch the American railroad system in the matter of accidents



HERR GUILLERY, of the Archive Bureau of the Prussian Railway Administration, has awarded the United States a distinction. He finds that this country stands first, beyond all possibility of challenge, in the deadliness of its railroad accidents. It is true that we have more miles of railroad than all Europe, so that we might be expected to have more accidents, but our preeminence is not only absolute but relative. Herr Guillery's figures are not very recent—they come down only to 1902-3, and we have been doing a lot more slaughtering since then. In that year our railroads killed 9,800 persons and wounded 76,500. Out of every ten thousand railroad employees we killed 26.1 and injured 435. We killed over twice as many in proportion as England, which came next, with 12.3, and wounded nearly twice as many as Switzerland, which was next in that respect, with 253. We wounded almost twenty times as many as Germany, of whose employees only 24 in every ten thousand were injured against 435 in the United States. Of passengers we injured forty times as many as France in proportion to numbers, twenty times as many as Germany, five

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PUBLISH YOUR OWN POST CARDS. We manufacture post cards for you, from photographs, sketches or designs of individuals, hotels, buildings, residences, animals, or landscapes, plain or colored, and print your name on as publisher. Quick delivery guaranteed. Send for samples and prices. Advance Studio, 61 Murray St., N.Y.

WATCHES and JEWELRY

WATCHES FROM FACTORY TO POCKET. Gun metal, open face, thin model, \$2.50 to \$5.00. Tiffany model, very thin, 30-year gold filled; plain or engraved; Waltham or Elgin movement, \$7.75. Money back if not satisfactory. Send 2c for catalogue. W. F. Doll Mfg. Co., 175 Broadway, New York City.

FINANCIAL

SIX PER CENT Gold Loan Certificates, in denomination of \$50.00 each, maturing June 30, 1908, secured by choice improved business property in San Diego. For sale at par and accrued interest. For further information, apply to Sixth Street Bank, 540 Sixth St., San Diego, California.

SUCCESS IN THE STOCK MARKET. Our book gives details. A copy will be mailed free of charge, if you will write to John A. Boardman & Co., Stock Brokers, 53 Broadway, New York.

FIRST MORTGAGES bearing 6 1/2, 7 or 8% interest on Improved Seattle property for sale. Correspondence solicited. References: Puget Sound National Bank or commercial agencies. Owner & Methorn, Seattle, Wash.

LOS ANGELES, the world's best investment field. Growth phenomenal. Land syndicates pay large returns. 25% per year, minimum profit. Correspondence invited. W. W. Sweeney, P. E. Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

FOR SALE. An up-to-date Electric Light plant in a hustling town; will pay net twenty per cent on investment. For full particulars write at once to W. T. Pitts, Indianapolis, Miss.

A GOOD INVESTMENT. We are offering 7% Collateral Trust Notes, which will pay 9 to 10 per cent interest. For full particulars address United States & Mexican Trust Company, Kansas City, Missouri.

TRY A CLASSIFIED AD IN

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's circulation of over half a million copies each week brings quick action, yet the life of a Collier's ad is long, because the literary and artistic features inspire subscribers to preserve Collier's.

RATE \$2.50 PER LINE, LESS 5% FOR CASH WITH ORDER

FREE SAMPLE. Mix your own polish and save money. A pound of Remington's Metal Polish Compound mixed with gasoline makes one gallon of best polish. 15 lbs., \$5. C. P. Remington, 716 Sanson, Philadelphia, Pa.

We will run an advertisement same size as above, four lines One time \$9.50, cash with order. Three times \$28.50, cash with order

Write plainly. Count eight words to the line, leaving most of last line for name and address. If you prefer, send us literature or a full description of your proposition, and we will have an experienced ad-writer prepare your advertisement without charge.

COLLIER'S

The National Classified Medium
416 West 13th Street, New York



Soups

Stews and Hashes are rendered much more tasty and appetizing by the use of

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

It is a rare relish for Fish, Meats, Game, Salads, Cheese, etc.

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, N. Y.

"KLEINERT-CROWN"



"KLEINERT-CROWN" GARTERS
Made with KLEINERT'S Flexible Rubber Grip and Crown Make patent stud (castoff) fastener, the two most essential features of any good Garter.
No shipping No tearing of Hosiery.
No unsatisfactory grip or cast off.
KLEINERT RUBBER CO., Dept. C
125 N. W. 1st St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Free BOOK TELLS OF THIS GUN **SIX SHOTS IN FOUR SECONDS**

No other Shot Gun equals this gun's record. No gun built, for the money, that is as good. \$4.00 to \$7.00. Hammerless. Every modern improvement. Nothing as good on the market. Our catalogue shows a dozen other guns we make, single and double barrel, magazine breech loaders, ejectors, etc. Send postal for it today—it's free.
UNION FIRE ARMS CO., Manufacturers, Desk C, TOLEDO, O.

VIRGINIA The Land of OPPORTUNITIES

Few men ever see greater personal opportunity for industrial or commercial property than is offered to-day by Portsmouth, Virginia. In the midst of the marvelous resources of the South, linked to the markets of the North, West and South by nine great railway systems and a score of water transportation lines. Labor abundant and contented, cheap fuel for manufactures at the very door. The fertile region surrounding Portsmouth would support a colony of canneries, and almost any industry would find an assured success.
Only a few minutes ride from the Jamestown Exposition grounds. Be sure to visit Portsmouth. Booklet and full information on request.
I. T. VAN PATTEN, Secretary, Portsmouth, Virginia.



College of Physicians and Surgeons, Chicago

The College of Physicians and Surgeons—College of Medicine of the University of Illinois—will open its regular session October 1st, 1907. Laboratory equipment complete—Clinical facilities unsurpassed. Individual and bedside instruction a special feature. Students allowed to specialize in elective subjects.
Send for Catalogue No. 12 to
FRANK B. EARLE, M. D., Secretary, Congress and Honors Sts., CHICAGO, ILL.

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS
41,877 Appointments were made to Civil Service places during the past year. Excellent opportunities for young people. Each year we instruct by mail thousands of persons who pass these examinations and a large share of them receive appointments to life positions at \$240 to \$1200 a year. If you desire a position of this kind, write for our Civil Service Announcement, containing full information about all government examinations, and questions recently used by the Civil Service Commission.
Columbian Correspondence College, Washington, D. C.

GRAY MOTORS
6 H. P. Complete Outfit \$97.50
Suitable for 18 to 25 foot boats—6 H. P. Engine completely equipped shaft, wheel, stuffing box, battery, coil, switch, muffler, wire, everything but tank and piping.
Write for prices and description of our 2 1/2 H. P. Motor, the lowest priced Boat Motor ever sold—power considered. Catalog showing all our Marine Engines from 2 1/2 to 40 H. P. in 1, 2, 3 and 4 cylinders sent free.
GRAY MOTOR CO., 26 Leis St., Detroit, Mich.

\$513.00 Clear Profit in 51 Days from an investment of \$150.00 is the result from the operation of one of our Box Ball Alleyway Sulfur, Ind. Why not go into this business yourself? You may enjoy similar results; any way it offers big results on the investment. Will pay big in any town. More than 5000 sold. This is no Gambling device, but a splendid Bowling Game for amusement, and physical exercise. Patented by the best people of both sexes. Booklet and information free. WRITE TO DAY. American Box Ball Co., 1627 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

BRENAU COLLEGE CONSERVATORY
FOR YOUNG LADIES GAINESVILLE, GA.
THREE HUNDRED BOARDERS—representing twenty states. Varied courses. Faculty, 30 specialists with American and European training. Ideal location in Piedmont region of the South, near Atlanta. Ten buildings with all modern conveniences and elegant equipment. Fifty new pianos, two pipe organs. Chapel houses for societies. Gymnasium and athletic field. Outdoor games. Expense, \$300-\$400. Paris branch, party sailing in September. Summer School opened July 15. CATALOGUE.

\$25

We Take the Risk—A Rapid Computer on FREE Trial

If—after you have carefully examined a Rapid Computer—you decide that you don't want it, send it back and that ends the transaction. But—if you find it fully up to our representations—\$25 will square the bill. We prepay the expressage to you.
For \$25 we offer you a machine that will do everything that any adding machine will do except print.

It is a handy little thing, just the right size to be convenient. You can put it right on the column of figures to be added, so that the entire space to be covered by the eyes is less than six inches square. It has nine-wheel capacity, totaling 9,999,999.99. Clears all totals and resets to 0 by a simple turn of the resetting knob at the right.
Made of the best materials by mechanical experts, it is guaranteed unflinchingly accurate and durable. Used by the U. S. Government, Standard Oil, Pennsylvania Railway, Sears-Roebuck, and hundreds of others.

Send for one—do it today. No obligation to buy if not more than pleased. Catalog FREE. Address
THE RAPID COMPUTER CO.
255 Lake Shore Road, Benton Harbor, Mich.



This man earns \$35.00 a week—you can do the same

We want a good, live representative in every city and town to sell our famous made-to-measure underwear for men and women and make a most exceptionally liberal offer that will harmonize with your present business.
Read what one of our agents writes us:—
"I have represented the Textile Mfg. Co. for the past 5 years and never made less than \$35.00 a week; can truthfully say that the goods are the best on the market and give entire satisfaction."

Send at once for our beautiful complete outfit consisting of samples, order blank, tapeline, etc., FREE.
TEXTILE MFG. CO., Made-to-Order Underwear
258-268 Division St., Chicago

times as many as England, twice as many as Italy, and nearly twice as many as Russia. Yet there are expensive literary bureaus, with staffs of skilled writers, and elaborate publication arrangements, devoted exclusively to telling us that the American railroad system is the best in the world.

HANDCLASPS NORTH AND SOUTH

Taft and Root to tell how much we love Canada and Mexico



THE two diplomatic charmers of the Administration, Secretaries Taft and Root, are expected to exert their magic at about the same time at opposite points of the compass. Mr. Taft is to wend his way to the north, where it is understood the Canadian Government will place a cruiser at his disposal on the St. Lawrence. Mr. Root is to fare to the south, where a committee of distinguished Mexican public men has been appointed to receive him. This simultaneous handclasp with both our neighbors will emphasize the fact that the relations of the United States with Canada and Mexico are closer than with any other nations in the world. They are the only countries in immediate contact with the Union, which forms a connecting link between them. Canada borders on twelve States and one Territory and Mexico on two States and two Territories. The frontier between Canada and the United States is without exception the longest boundary line between any two countries on the globe. Every organized Province of the Dominion, except Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia, abuts upon at least one American State, with which it is in direct communication by rail, telegraph, and telephone. The railroads of the entire continent form in effect a single system. The traveler can go over trunk lines and with quick connections from the Guatemalan border to Edmonton.

Both Canada and Mexico have more trade with the United States than with all the rest of the world combined. A two-cent stamp will carry a letter from New York to any State of Mexico or any Province of Canada. American and Mexican periodicals are exchanged at domestic rates, and until the spirit of protectionism withdrew Canada in this respect from the continental comity her publications had the same privilege. Similar problems arise on both the Canadian and the Mexican frontiers of the United States. There are boundary waters to be fairly regulated, currents of immigration to guide, and customs laws to be enforced. It is well to look for trade in Asia, Africa, Australasia, and South America, but Canada, Mexico, and the United States could get along better without all those distant markets put together than they could without each other.



STARVATION IN JAMAICA

A suggested exchange that would solve a number of problems

JAMAICA, ravaged by earthquake and fire, is now suffering the pangs of famine. The Government, which never seems able to do the right thing in the Jamaican view, has been accused of incompetency in meeting the situation. In one part of the famine district it is alleged that taxes have been collected from starving people, who have been living in nakedness, without schools or religion. One newspaper in Kingston predicts that Great Britain will cede Jamaica to the United States, in exchange for the Philippines.

This prediction fits closely with a remarkable article in the London "Fortnightly Review" by a writer who calls himself "Imperialist," and who urges that in the interest of all concerned England ought to exchange not only Jamaica, but all the rest of the British West Indies for the Philippines. He maintains that these islands are now facing ruin, which can not be averted as long as they remain part of the British Empire. He considers the various palliatives that have been proposed, such as federation and union with Canada, and concludes that nothing but admission to the American market can save the West Indian colonists. Then he takes the case of each of the four parties in interest, Great Britain, the United States, the West Indies, and the Philippines, and shows that the exchange would be beneficial to them all. Great Britain would be relieved of a dead weight on her empire, embarrassing in peace and incapable of defense in war, and would receive in return a far more extensive and richer archipelago, situated exactly where it would be most useful to her in rounding out her Asiatic possessions. And Great Britain, he reminds his English readers, is "primarily an Asiatic rather than a European Power." The United States would recover that splendid invulnerability it possessed before it gave hostages to fortune on the shores of Asia. The West Indies would regain the prosperity they used to enjoy before beet sugar cut them out of the European markets, and the Philippines would receive an open door for trade and a government managed by skilled colonial administrators, with no disposition toward "curious experiments."

There is not much doubt that such an exchange would be popular in the United States and in the West Indies. It might be acceptable in Great Britain if her people could be made to realize that, in the words of "Imperialist," "when the consolidation of her dominions in the East demands some sacrifice of mere sentiment, sentiment ought to be suffered to go to the wall." Whether it would be popular in the Philippines or not depends upon the extent to which the idea of independence for its own sake has overcome that of material welfare. It would probably be pleasing to Australia and New Zealand. The one quarter in which bitter opposition might be counted on would be Canada.

UNSWEETENED CONDENSED MILK

Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Milk is ideal milk, collected under perfect sanitary conditions, condensed in vacuo to the consistency of cream, preserved by sterilization only. Suitable for any modification and adapted to all purposes where milk or cream is required.—Adc.



Count the Paint Kegs

There is only one thing more important than choosing good paint material, and that is, making sure that you get it.

Not every house-owner who thinks his painting is being done with our White Lead is getting what he has specified. See that the Dutch Boy Painter is on the side of every keg and that there are enough kegs on the premises. Frequently, one 100-pound National Lead Company keg (representing about 8 gallons of paint) has to stand sponsor for a job requiring from 25 to 50 gallons of paint.

Count the kegs.

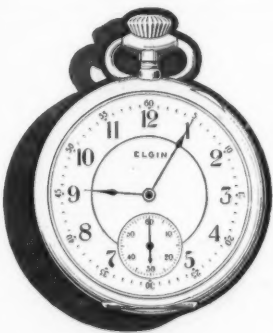
Write for our booklet, "A Talk on Paint." It will cost you nothing and may prove valuable to you. Address Department Q.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

in whichever of the following cities is nearest you:

New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia [John T. Lewis & Bros. Co.] Pittsburgh [National Lead & Oil Co.]

Money-saving and health-protecting plumbing is also of vital interest to property owners. Send for booklet, "Good Plumbing."



The Favorite ELGIN

There are different grades of ELGINS—different priced ELGINS—but each one carries with it the reputation of all the others.

The ELGIN reputation is well-known—it stands for accuracy, reliability, durability.

An ELGIN that is in great favor is the G. M. WHEELER GRADE, a finely adjusted, 17 jewel movement and priced within the reach of everyone.

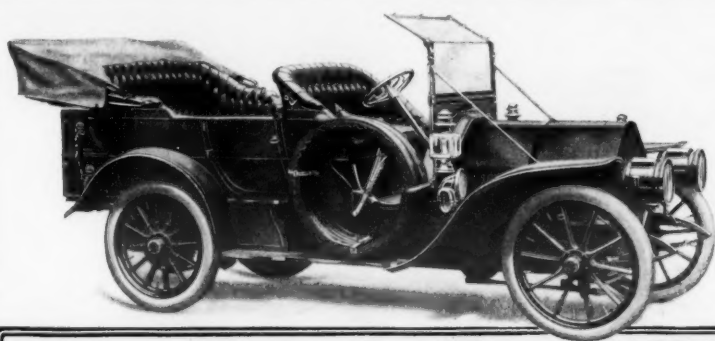
"The Watch that's Made for the Majority."

The G. M. WHEELER GRADE ELGIN has long been known for its accuracy and is now made in the popular thin models and small sizes.

Ask to see it—its value will surprise you.

ELGINS of equal grade and reasonable price for women—desirable new models.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., Elgin, Ill.

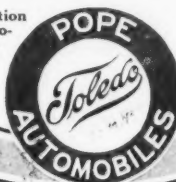


Pope Toledo Type XV Chrome Nickel Steel Ball Bearing Car

☛ Pope-Toledo Type XV is the culmination of thirty years' mechanical manufacturing experience, and its success is the result of an unvarying determination to excel. ☛ The men behind this industry began over thirty years ago with limited capital and unlimited faith, which has expanded into an enormous organization employing over 10,000 men operating six great factories and representing an outlay of over twenty-two million dollars capital. ☛ We know without question that Type XV contains the world's best in design, alloyed steels, ball bearings, workmanship and finish; and we sincerely believe it is the peer of any car built in America and equal to any built in the world. ☛ Catalogue on request.

Pope Motor Car Co.

Members Association
Licensed Auto-
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OHIO

The Car That Has Proved Itself

to the manner born with the greatest medium-powered cars of America and Europe regardless of price—the

CADILLAC

Model G—\$2,000 Four-Cylinders 20 Horse Power

No new car ever put on the market, even with the advantage of a great name behind it, has taken such a prompt and firm hold on experienced, critical motorists. Every day increases its lead. The new Model G stands alone at \$2,000 as a value impossible to produce anywhere except in the largest, best equipped automobile factory in the world—classing with automobiles of twice the price.

Has the toughness, staying power, sensitive control, marvelously smooth running qualities of all Cadillacs.

Shaft drive; newly designed selective type sliding gear transmission; high speed with no gears in mesh; spirited in design as well as action; abundant hill climbing power. Demonstrated by nearest dealer. Catalogues of this and other models as follows:

Model G—20 h. p. 4-cylinder Touring Car; \$2,000 (Catalog 61).
Model H—30 h. p. 4-cylinder Touring Car; \$2,500 (Catalog 61).
Model M—10 h. p. Four Passenger Car; \$950 (Catalog 61).
Model K—10 h. p. Runabout; \$800 (Catalog 61).
F. O. B. Detroit; Lamps not included.

Send for Catalogue of car in which you are interested.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Mfrs.



Commercial Power Wagons

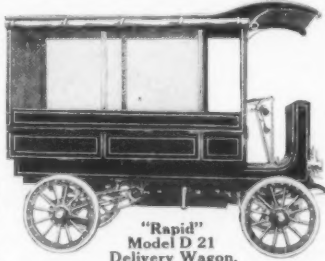
Let this
Car Save
Money for you

Horse drawn wagons for delivery service are out of date—the modern way is to use Rapid Motor delivery wagons. They not only allow you to cover larger territory in less time, but are worth their cost as an advertisement alone.

Rapid Motor Cars are strongly built, will carry heavy loads at a good speed, will not balk on the steepest hill, and are simple and easy to operate. The famous two-cylinder "Rapid" motor gives ample power and reserve strength for all occasions.

Rapid Motor Cars are made in many styles for different classes of work. Sight-seeing cars, hotel buses, baggage wagons, delivery wagons, trucks, police patrol wagons, ambulances, and fire department chemical wagons. Bodies for special purposes made to order. Prices from \$1,600 to \$4,000. Every car guaranteed.

H. T. HENRY, Sales Manager, RAPID MOTOR VEHICLE CO., Pontiac, Mich.



"Rapid"
Model D 21
Delivery Wagon,
Price \$1,600

See our Exhibit at the Jamestown Exhibition and have a demonstration.

SAVE MONEY on SCHOOL EXPENSES

We can make special rates this year to a limited number of students in 2000 schools and colleges, of every kind and description. Liberal commission to teachers and students to act as agents. Information about any school free. Write today for full particulars. State school preferred if any. COLUMBIA SCHOOL AGENCY, 1074 Manhattan Building, Chicago

15 to 30% Saved

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SPECIAL Jewelry Offer! SEND NOW FOR OUR JEWELRY CATALOG



Rings
Watches
Lockets
Silver
Cut Glass
and other
Remarkable
Offers in Jewelry

If you are interested in jewelry of any nature, are contemplating the purchase of rings, watches, lockets, cut glass, silverware, etc., either for yourself or as a present, you should write for this catalog at once—it unquestionably contains the greatest bargains in jewelry ever offered. This special catalog with its rock bottom prices has been prepared with a view to secure from everybody at least a trial order for the house of Geo. E. Marshall. A trial order means continued business for us and money saved for our customers. You will be surprised when you note our very moderate prices on really high grade jewelry of all kinds—prices so far below those you may have paid before that there is simply no comparison.

The Marshall guarantee of absolute standard goes with every article in the catalog. This special catalog is so complete that surely you will find some article of jewelry you want, or some suitable gift.

If you wish the very best in jewelry at the lowest possible price do not buy a watch, ring, locket, or any kind of jewelry until you have seen this catalog and noted the prices.



DIAMONDS

At Specially Reduced Prices

Owing to a large foresighted purchase before the last sharp advance in price we are able to quote far below the accepted retail price on the very finest pure white gems—perfect in cut and color, and of superior scintillating beauty. The famous Marshall "E" Grade diamonds (a far better grade than 90% of all jewelers even carry in stock) are listed and described in this catalog. For instance—At the top is an "E" grade diamond ring in Tiffany Belcher setting for only \$35.00 (payable at \$3.50 a month). The Belcher ring for \$65.00 (payable \$6.50 a month), and the Tiffany ring at the bottom, for \$98.00 (payable \$9.80 a month). An extra discount of 8% on these rings for cash.

So confident are we of our superior quality and low prices that all Marshall diamonds will be shipped on approval prepaid; returnable at our expense if not satisfactory. Nothing to pay before inspection—you risk not one cent. The three rings above are but a fair sample. Other remarkable diamond values are quoted and illustrated in our special catalog.

Send for Catalog

and extra discount sheet. Don't buy jewelry in a haphazard hit or miss fashion—post yourself thoroughly on the net prices offered by the best houses—get the best quality—save money.

Tear off this coupon now and get our special catalog.

Geo. E. Marshall
(Incorporated)

W. S. Hyde, Jr., Pres.
A. S. True, Sec.

Chicago

Ill.

Geo. E. Marshall
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Suite 402
Chicago, Illinois

Without any obligations on me please send me at once, free, prepaid, your Special Marshall Catalog and free sample copy of Marshall's Monthly, and full explanation of your no-money-down approval offer.

Name _____
Address _____

No letter necessary; just sign and mail coupon.



BARRETT AUTOMOBILE JACK

makes the prospect brighter when you have had ill luck. In any emergency demanding quick use of an automobile jack, the true worth of the "BARRETT" Jack shines forth. Always ready for action, never out of adjustment, it does its work certainly and safely without unnecessary loss of a moment's time. This perfection is possible only because the "BARRETT" is made of highest grade materials by most skilled workmen in the only factory in the world especially and completely equipped for the manufacture of very excellent jacks.

The "BARRETT" is furnished by leading automobile manufacturers, is sold by reliable dealers everywhere, or by us direct. Write for Catalog

DUFF MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Exclusive makers of "BARRETT" JACKS
Works: Allegheny, Pa. Pittsburgh, Pa.
4 Rue Auber, Paris 124 Longacre, London
Montreal Antwerp
"The Jack that Duff Builds"

COLGATE'S TALC POWDER



For Comfortable Summer Dressing

Have a box of Colgate's Talc Powder in your bathroom, on your dressing-table, and in your bath-house at the sea shore. Absorbent and soothing, it dries and cools the skin on the hottest day and makes dressing easy.

It removes that sticky feeling after a salt plunge; also retains the cooling and refreshing effect of shower or tub. It is thoroughly antiseptic and prevents all chafing and skin discomfort, not only for babies, but for everybody, old and young.

COLGATE & CO. (Established 1806), 55 John St., New York

COLEO, OUR NEW VEGETABLE SOAP, IN THE BATH, AND OUR TALC POWDER AFTER IT